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AND OTHER PLAYS

BY W. S. GILBERT

INTRODUCTION BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

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JAN 9 '53

INTRODUCTION

The people in the pages of this book are a race by themselves. They are spirited, charming, and—if it's at all possible—gay, in circumstances that you and I would find simply intolerable. And this does not mean they are callous: they have warm, quick emotions. They are easily hurt, they are sensitive; yet at heart imperturbable.

The typical Englishman is an imperturbable fellow, they tell us. He declines to get excited about things. It is part of his code. He instinctively thinks of himself as a master of life. Life may stamp on him, bang him around, as a giant does pygmies, yet the typical Englishman looks it back straight in the eye. If he's knocked out, it doesn't occur to him somehow to cower. He merely gets critical . . .

The trouble is, however, that the man who meets events in this way, stands a little aloof from the world, as though he were no part of it. He doesn't throw himself in the stream: he remains on the bank. So he lives and dies without having felt his experiences fully, and without having had as many of them as might have been good for him.

And another thing he does, he tries to tame life and keep it toned down. In his own little country he treats it as he does his lawns—he tries to have it all smooth and even, not

rugged and wild. This, of course, makes existence less vivid. It has less juice and color.

Now the Anglo-Saxon "race" is at its best in quite different surroundings. They really come out strongest when they take up their stand on frontiers. It's when they work at building civilizations in rough, untamed regions, and at teaching law and order to cut-throats, that the world most admires them. Their bourgeois and inartistic desire to make things smooth and even, that has given us so many dull cities and stiff, stupid homes, is a trait of great value when exercised on a frontier.

To go back to Gilbert, the people in his operas are frontiersmen; not geographically, but emotionally. The orderly emotional surroundings that most of us know are exchanged in these operas for scenes of the most frightful turbulence. And mark the result. Just as the Anglo-Saxon pioneer lays primness aside, and becomes a big, vigorous man when he goes to the Rockies, so the frontiersmen of emotion in Gilbert lay aloofness one side, and obtain an astonishing kind of emotional strength.

It's as though a group of Englishmen became characters in some Russian novel. They would find themselves living in a fiercely emotional country, and shouting and loving and weeping with an un-English fury. But, nevertheless, they wouldn't take the thing as unrestrainedly as the Russians. They would go through violent ranges of feeling with an inner composure. In the midst of despair, joy, and hate, they'd have a calm spot inside.

It's the having a margin, no matter what demands are made on you, that gives you a feeling of poise in the wildest abandon. That's what these Russians lack whom we meet year by year in their novels, and that's why they begin shooting themselves, usually, in the first forty pages. But Gilbert's best people suffer far more reverses than Russians, and yet never think of self-slaughter. Why? They have a margin. It saves them in crises: and it makes petty quarrels refreshing. It's particularly useful for those who are otherwise mushy. The swooniest lover has a jump or two left in him yet. The sweety-est maiden is capable of caustic asides.

Consider the case of young Frederic, in the Pirates of Penzance. Young Frederic is a boy of rare firmness and rare moral beauty. As a child he shows such boyish prowess, such courage and so forth, that his parents decide that the right place for him is the sea. He is to be a Sea Man, and to spend his life coping with storms. The parents instruct his nurse, therefore—the boy was just eight—to take the child out and apprentice him at once to a pilot. She misunderstands them. Mere chance, the "luck element" that does so much to brighten or damage the lives of us men, steps in and blasts Frederic's. It seems that the wretched nurse has a defect in her hearing; at any rate she hands the child not to a pilot but pirates.

A boy who had no rare moral beauty might have thought this quite thrilling. Not Frederic. The situation his nurse had put him in could hardly have been more repugnant. As a sane, solid citizen, in the making, it went against the grain of him to have to associate with garish, disreputable persons. But being apprenticed, he felt, was a serious matter. It involved obligations. Young Frederic faces this fact. He quietly decides that until his indentures are up he will live up to those obligations and be a true pirate. This brave little boy does not utter one word of complaint. He says nothing at all to his new masters: the mistake wasn't theirs. With a heavy but resolute heart, he submits to his lot. He faithfully performs all the duties of his hideous trade, and becomes the most diligent pirate on the whole Cornish coast.

Ah, how many of us could meet such misfortune so gallantly? What Sunday-school book contains such an inspiring tale for the young?

With his whole career seriously compromised, if not, indeed, ruined, this poor child of eight never falters. He grows up to manhood determined to win back his good name. He is also determined to exterminate his gory associates. As individuals he has grown most fond of them: as a band he detests them. The pirates for their part like Frederic. He is dull—but they like him.

You must read the play to learn what occurs when he has served out his time, what deceptions a woman tries on

him, how the pirates re-take him. I speak of him here only as an instance of how Gilbert can hearten us.

The problem of keeping up the human spirit—why, it's the problem of the age. If there is anything wrong with one's spirit, one quickly goes under. If it's strong, it can teach our weak bodies to stand any strain. Christian Scientists, Mental Healers, New "Thought" folk,—what is it they wish but to give us what Gilbert has given to three generations? It may be that Mrs. Eddy first got her message from Gilbert.

But no one can imitate him. Most writers use ready-made clothing which any can borrow; but he is like Malory, George Ade and Homer in this: his robes are his own; and the Virgils who try to appear in them look second-hand.

In other words, reader, it will do you no good to look elsewhere. There is no other country where the people can show you, like Gilbert's, how to meet any fate with aplomb and a wise *savoir vivre*. This is the one garden where philosophic Corcoran waits you, with Nanki-Poo, dear Iolanthe and great-hearted Buttercup. Don't stand here, then, talking with me. Turn, and enter its gate.

Clarence Day Jr.

258 Riverside Drive, New York City.
September, 1917.

THE MIKADO

or, The Town of Titipu

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN
NANKI-POO (*his Son, disguised as a wandering minstrel, and in love with* YUM-YUM)
KO-KO (*Lord High Executioner of Titipu*)
POOH-BAH (*Lord High Everything Else*)
PISH-TUSH (*a Noble Lord*)
YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, PEEP-BO } *Three Sisters—Wards of* KO-KO
KATISHA (*an elderly Lady, in love with* NANKI-POO)

Chorus of SCHOOL-GIRLS, NOBLES, GUARDS, *and* COOLIES

ACT I—*Courtyard of* KO-KO'S *Official Residence*
ACT II—KO-KO'S *Garden*

ACT I

SCENE.—*Court-yard of* KO-KO'S *Palace in Titipu. Japanese nobles discovered standing and sitting in attitudes suggested by native drawings.*

CHORUS

If you want to know who we are,
We are gentlemen of Japan:
On many a vase and jar—
On many a screen and fan,
We figure in lively paint:
Our attitude's queer and quaint—
You're wrong if you think it ain't.

If you think we are worked by strings
Like a Japanese marionette,
You don't understand these things:
It is simply Court etiquette.
Perhaps you suppose this throng
Can't keep it up all day long?
If that's your idea, you're wrong.

Enter NANKI-POO *in great excitement. He carries a native guitar on his back, and a bundle of ballads in his hand.*

RECIT.

Nank. Gentlemen, I pray you tell me,
Where a lovely maiden dwelleth,
Named Yum-Yum, the ward of Ko-Ko:
In pity speak—oh speak, I pray you!

A Noble. Why, who are you who ask this question?

Nank. Come gather round me, and I'll tell you.

SONG

Nank. A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches,
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humours changing
I tune my supple song!

Are you in sentimental mood?
I'll sigh with you,
Oh, willow, willow!
On maiden's coldness do you brood?
I'll do so, too—
Oh, willow, willow!
I'll charm your willing ears
With songs of lovers' fears,
While sympathetic tears
My cheeks bedew—
Oh, willow, willow!

But if patriotic sentiment is wanted,
I've patriotic ballads cut and dried;
For where'er our country's banner may be planted,
All other local banners are defied!
Our warriors, in serried ranks assembled,
Never quail—or they conceal it if they do—

And I shouldn't be surprised if nations trembled
Before the mighty troops of Titipu!

And if you call for a song of the sea,
We'll heave the capstan round,
With a yeo heave-ho, for the wind is free,
Her anchor's a-trip and her helm's a-lee,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!
Yeo-ho—heave-ho—
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

To lay aloft in a howling breeze
May tickle a landsman's taste,
But the happiest hours a sailor sees
Is when he's down
At an inland town,
With his Nancy on his knees, yeo-ho!
And his arm around her waist!

Then man the capstan—off we go,
As the fiddler swings us round,
With a yeo heave-ho,
And a rumbelow,
Hurrah for the homeward bound!

A wandering minstrel I, etc.

Enter PISH-TUSH

Pish. And what may be your business with Yum-Yum?

Nank. I'll tell you. A year ago I was a member of the Titipu town band. It was my duty to take the cap round for contributions. While discharging this delicate office, I saw Yum-Yum. We loved each other at once, but she was betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, a cheap tailor, and I saw that my suit was hopeless. Overwhelmed with despair, I quitted the town. Judge of my delight when I heard a month ago, that Ko-Ko had been condemned to death for flirting! I hurried back at once, in the hope of finding Yum-Yum at liberty to listen to my protestations.

Pish. It is true that Ko-Ko was condemned to death for flirting, but he was reprieved at the last moment, and raised to the exalted rank of Lord High Executioner under the following remarkable circumstances:

SONG

Pish. Our great Mikado, virtuous man,
When he to rule our land began,
Resolved to try
A plan whereby
Young men might best be steadied.
So he decreed, in words succinct,
That all who flirted, leered, or winked
(Unless connubially linked),
Should forthwith be beheaded.

And I expect you'll all agree
That he was right to so decree.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right as right can be!

CHORUS

And I expect, etc.

Pish. This stern decree, you'll understand,
Caused great dismay throughout the land:
For young and old
And shy and bold
Were equally affected.
The youth who winked a roving eye,
Or breathed a non-connubial sigh,
Was thereupon condemned to die—
He usually objected.

And you'll allow, as I expect,
That he was right to so object.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And everything is quite correct!

CHORUS
And you'll allow, as I expect, etc.

Pish. And so we straight let out on bail
A convict from the county jail,
Whose head was next
On some pretext
Condemnèd to be mown off,
And made *him* Headsman, for we said
"Who's next to be decapited
Cannot cut off another's head
Until he's cut his own off."

And we are right, I think you'll say,
To argue in this kind of way.
And I am right,
And you are right,
And all is right—too-looral-lay!

CHORUS
And they were right, etc.

[*Exeunt* CHORUS.

Enter POOH-BAH

Nank. Ko-Ko, the cheap tailor, Lord High Executioner of Titipu! Why, that's the highest rank a citizen can attain!

Pooh. It is. Our logical Mikado, seeing no moral difference between the dignified judge who condemns a criminal to die, and the industrious mechanic who carries out the sentence, has rolled the two offices into one, and every judge is now his own executioner.

Nank. But how good of you (for I see that you are a nobleman of the highest rank) to condescend to tell all this to me, a mere strolling minstrel!

Pooh. Don't mention it. I am, in point of fact, a particularly haughty and exclusive person, of pre-Adamite ancestral descent. You will understand this when I tell you that I can trace my ancestry back to a protoplasmal primor-

dial atomic globule. Consequently, my family pride is something inconceivable. I can't help it. I was born sneering. But I struggle hard to overcome this defect. I mortify my pride continually. When all the great Officers of State resigned in a body, because they were too proud to serve under an ex-tailor, did I not unhesitatingly accept all their posts at once?

Pish. And the salaries attached to them? You did.

Pooh. It is consequently my degrading duty to serve this upstart as First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chief Justice, Commander-in-Chief, Lord High Admiral, Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Back Stairs, Archbishop of Titipu, and Lord Mayor, both acting and elect, all rolled into one. And at a salary! A Pooh-Bah paid for his services! I a salaried minion! But I do it! It revolts me, but I do it.

Nank. And it does you credit.

Pooh. But I don't stop at that. I go and dine with middle-class people on reasonable terms. I dance at cheap suburban parties for a moderate fee. I accept refreshment at any hands, however lowly. I also retail State secrets at a very low figure. For instance, any further information about Yum-Yum would come under the head of a State secret. (NANKI-POO *takes the hint, and gives him money.*) (*Aside.*) Another insult, and I think a light one!

SONG

Pooh. Young man, despair,
Likewise go to,
Yum-Yum the fair
You must not woo.
It will not do:
I'm sorry for you,
You very imperfect ablutioner!
This very day
From school Yum-Yum
Will wend her way,
And homeward come
With beat of drum,

And a rum-tum-tum,
To wed the Lord High Executioner!

And the brass will crash,
And the trumpets bray,
And they'll cut a dash
On their wedding day.
From what I say, you may infer
It's as good as a play for him and her,
She'll toddle away, as all aver,
With the Lord High Executioner!

It's a hopeless case,
As you may see,
And in your place
Away I'd flee;
But don't blame me—
I'm sorry to be
Of your pleasure a diminutioner.
They'll vow their pact
Extremely soon,
In point of fact
This afternoon
Her honeymoon
With that buffoon
At seven, commences, so *you* shun her!

All. The brass will crash, etc.

RECIT.

Nank.
And have I journeyed for a month, or nearly,
To learn that Yum-Yum, whom I love so dearly,
This day to Ko-Ko is to be united!

Pooh.
The fact appears to be as you've recited:
But here he comes, equipped as suits his station;
He'll give you any further information.

Enter Ko-Ko, *attended*

CHORUS

Behold the Lord High Executioner!
A personage of noble rank and title—
A dignified and potent officer,
Whose functions are particularly vital.
Defer, defer,
To the noble Lord High Executioner!

SOLO

Ko. Taken from the county jail
By a set of curious chances;
Liberated then on bail,
On my own recognizances;
Wafted by a favouring gale,
As one sometimes is in trances,
To a height that few can scale,
Save by long and weary dances;
Surely, never had a male
Under such like circumstances
So adventurous a tale,
Which may rank with most romances.

CHORUS

Behold the Lord High Executioner, etc.

Ko. Gentlemen, I'm much touched by this reception. I can only trust that by strict attention to duty I shall ensure a continuance of those favours which it will ever be my study to deserve. If I should ever be called upon to act professionally I am happy to think that there will be no difficulty in finding plenty of people whose deaths will be a distinct gain to society at large.

Enter POOH-BAH

SONG—KO-KO

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
I've got a little list—I've got a little list
Of social offenders who might well be underground,
And who never would be missed—who never would be missed!
There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs—
All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs—

All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat—
All persons who in shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*—
And all third persons who on spoiling *tête-à-têtes* insist—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS

He's got 'em on the list—he's got 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
And the piano-organist—I've got him on the list!
And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face,
They never would be missed—they never would be missed!
Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
All centuries but this, and every country but his own;
And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
And "who doesn't think she waltzes, but would rather like to try"!
And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist—
I don't think she'd be missed—I'm *sure* she'd not be missed!

CHORUS

He's got her on the list—he's got her on the list;
And I don't think she'll be missed—I'm *sure* she'll not be missed!

And that *Nisi Prius* nuisance, who just now is rather rife,
The Judicial humorist—I've got *him* on the list!
All funny fellows, comic men, and clowns of private life—
They'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!
And apologetic statesmen of a compromising kind,
Such as—What d'ye call him—Thing'em bob, and likewise Never Mind,
And 'St—'st—'st—and What's-his-name, and also You-know-who—
The task of filling up the blanks I'd rather leave to *you*.
But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,
For they'd none of 'em be missed—they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS

You may put 'em on the list—you may put 'em on the list;
And they'll none of 'em be missed—they'll none of 'em be missed!

Ko. Pooh-Bah, it seems that the festivities in connection with my approaching marriage must last a week. I should like to do it handsomely, and I want to consult you as to the amount I ought to spend upon them.

Pooh. Certainly. In which of my capacities? As First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney-General, Chancellor of the Exechequer, Privy Purse, or Private Secretary?

Ko. Suppose we say as Private Secretary.

Pooh. Speaking as your Private Secretary, I should say that as the city will have to pay for it, don't stint yourself, do it well.

Ko. Exactly—as the city will have to pay for it. That is your advice.

Pooh. As Private Secretary. Of course you will understand that, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I am bound to see that due economy is observed.

Ko. Oh. But you said just now "don't stint yourself, do it well."

Pooh. As Private Secretary.

Ko. And now you say that due economy must be observed.

Pooh. As Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Ko. I see. Come over here, where the Chancellor can't hear us. (*They cross stage.*) Now, as my Solicitor, how do you advise me to deal with this difficulty?

Pooh. Oh, as your Solicitor, I should have no hesitation in saying "chance it——"

Ko. Thank you. (*Shaking his hand.*) I will.

Pooh. If it were not that, as Lord Chief Justice, I am bound to see that the law isn't violated.

Ko. I see. Come over here where the Chief Justice can't hear us. (*They cross the stage.*) Now, then, as First Lord of the Treasury?

Pooh. Of course, as First Lord of the Treasury, I could propose a special vote that would cover all expenses, if it were not that, as Leader of the Opposition, it would be my duty to resist it, tooth and nail. Or, as Paymaster-General, I could so cook the accounts, that as Lord High Auditor I should never discover the fraud. But then, as Archbishop of Titipu, it would be my duty to denounce my dishonesty and give myself into my own custody as First Commissioner of Police.

Ko. That's extremely awkward.

Pooh. I don't say that all these people couldn't be squared; but it is right to tell you that I shouldn't be sufficiently degraded in my own estimation unless I was insulted with a very considerable bribe.

Ko. The matter shall have my careful consideration. But my bride and her sisters approach, and any little compliment on your part, such as an abject grovel in a characteristic Japanese attitude, would be esteemed a favour.

Enter procession of YUM-YUM'S *schoolfellows, heralding* YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING.

CHORUS

Comes a train of little ladies
From scholastic trammels free,
Each a little bit afraid is,
Wondering what the world can be!

Is it but a world of trouble—
Sadness set to song?
Is its beauty but a bubble
Bound to break ere long?
Are its palaces and pleasures
Fantasies that fade?
And the glory of its treasures
Shadow of a shade?

Schoolgirls we, eighteen and under,
From scholastic trammels free,
And we wonder—how we wonder!—
What on earth the world can be!

TRIO—YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING

The Three.
Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
Three little maids from school!
Yum-Yum.
Everything is a source of fun. (*Chuckle.*)
Peep-Bo.
Nobody's safe, for we care for none! (*Chuckle.*)
Pitti-Sing.
Life is a joke that's just begun! (*Chuckle.*)
The Three. Three little maids from school!
All (*Dancing.*)
Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—
The Three. (*Suddenly demure.*)
Three little maids from school!

Yum-Yum.
One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum—
Peep-Bo.
Two little maids in attendance come—
Pitti-Sing.
Three little maids is the total sum.
The Three. Three little maids from school!
Yum-Yum.
From three little maids take one away—
Peep-Bo.
Two little maids remain, and they—
Pitti-Sing.
Won't have to wait very long, they say—
The Three. Three little maids from school!
All. (*Dancing.*)
Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary—
The Three. (*Suddenly demure.*)
Three little maids from school!

Ko. At last, my bride that is to be! (*About to embrace her.*)

Yum. You're not going to kiss me before all these people?

Ko. Well, that was the idea.

Yum. (*Aside to* PEEP-BO.) It seems odd, don't it?

Peep. It's rather peculiar.

Pitti. Oh, I expect it's all right. Must have a beginning, you know.

Yum. Well, of course I know nothing about these things; but I've no objection if it's usual.

Ko. Oh, it's quite usual, I think. Eh, Lord Chamberlain? (*Appealing to* POOH-BAH.)

Pooh. I have known it done. (KO-KO *embraces her.*)

Yum. That's over! (*Sees* NANKI-POO, *and rushes to him.*) Why, that's never you? (*The Three Girls rush to him and shake his hands, all speaking at once.*)

Yum. Oh, I'm so glad! I haven't seen you for ever so long, and I'm right at the top of the school, and I've got three prizes, and I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

Peep. And have you got an engagement?—Yum-Yum's got one, but she don't like it, and she'd ever so much rather it was you. I've come home for good, and I'm not going back any more!

Pitti. Now tell us all the news, because you go about everywhere, and we've been at school, but thank goodness that's all over now, and we've come home for good, and we're not going back any more!

(*These three speeches are spoken together in one breath.*)

Ko. I beg your pardon. Will you present me?

Yum. Oh, this is the musician who used—

Peep. Oh, this is the gentleman who used—

Pitti. Oh, it is only Nanki-Pooh who used—

Ko. One at a time, if you please.

Yum. He's the gentleman who used to play so beautifully on the—on the—

Pitti. On the Marine Parade.

Yum. Yes, I think that was the name of the instrument.

Nank. Sir, I have the misfortune to love your ward, Yum-Yum—oh, I know I deserve your anger!

Ko. Anger! not a bit, my boy. Why, I love her myself. Charming little girl, isn't she? Pretty eyes, nice hair. Taking little thing, altogether. Very glad to hear my opinion backed by a competent authority. Thank you very much. Good-bye. (*To* PISH-TUSH.) Take him away. (PISH-TUSH *removes him.*)

Pitti (*who has been examining* POOH-BAH). I beg your pardon, but what is this? Customer come to try on?

Ko. That is a Tremendous Swell. (*She starts back in alarm.*)

Pooh. Go away, little girls. Can't talk to little girls like you. Go away, there's dears.

Ko. Allow me to present you, Pooh-Bah. These are my three wards. The one in the middle is my bride-elect.

Pooh. What do you want me to do to them? Mind, I *will not* kiss them.

Ko. No, no, you sha'n't kiss them: a little bow—a mere nothing—you needn't mean it, you know.

Pooh. It goes against the grain. They are not young ladies, they are young persons.

Ko. Come, come, make an effort, there's a good nobleman.

Pooh (*aside to* Ko-Ko). Well, I sha'n't mean it. (*With a great effort.*) How de do, how de do, little girls? (*Aside.*) Oh, my protoplasmal ancestor!

Ko. That's very good. (*Girls indulge in suppressed laughter.*)

Pooh. I see nothing to laugh at. It is very painful to me to have to say "How de do, how de do, little girls," to young persons. I'm not in the habit of saying "How de do, how de do, little girls" to anybody under the rank of a Stockbroker.

Ko (*aside to girls*). Don't laugh at him—he's under treatment for it. (*Aside to* Pooh-Bah.) Never mind them, they don't understand the delicacy of your position.

Pooh. We know how delicate it is, don't we?

Ko. I should think we did! How a nobleman of your importance can do it at all is a thing I never can, never shall understand. (Ko-Ko *retires up and goes off.*)

Quartette and Chorus—Yum-Yum, Peep-Bo, *and* Pitti-Sing

So please you, sir, we much regret
If we have failed in etiquette
Towards a man of rank so high—
We shall know better by and bye.

But youth, of course, must have its fling,
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
And don't, in girlhood's happy spring,
Be hard on us,
Be hard on us,
If we're disposed to dance and sing,
Tra la la, etc. (*Dancing.*)

Chorus of Girls. But youth, of course, etc.

Pooh. I think you ought to recollect
You cannot show too much respect
Towards the highly titled few;
But nobody does, and why should you?
That youth at us should have its fling,
Is hard on us,
Is hard on us;
To our prerogative we cling—
So pardon us,
So pardon us,
If we decline to dance and sing—
Tra la la, etc. (*Dancing.*)

Chorus of Girls.
But youth, of course, must have its fling, etc.
(*Exeunt all but* YUM-YUM.)

Enter NANKI-POO

Nank. Yum-Yum, at last we are alone! I have sought you night and day for three weeks, in the belief that your guardian was beheaded, and I find that you are about to be married to him this afternoon!

Yum. Alas, yes!

Nank. But you do not love him?

Yum. Alas, no!

Nank. Modified rapture! But why do you not refuse him?

Yum. What good would that do? He's my guardian, and he wouldn't let me marry you.

Nank. But I would wait until you were of age!

Yum. You forget that in Japan girls do not arrive at years of discretion until they are fifty.

Nank. True; from seventeen to forty-nine are considered years of indiscretion.

Yum. Besides—a wandering minstrel, who plays a wind instrument outside tea-houses, is hardly a fitting husband for the ward of a Lord High Executioner.

Nank But—— (*Aside*) Shall I tell her? Yes! She

Nank. If it wasn't for the law.
Yum. As it is, of course, we couldn't do anything of the kind.
Nank. Not for worlds!
Yum. Being engaged to Ko-Ko, you know!
Nank. Being engaged to Ko-ko!

DUET—YUM-YUM *and* NANKI-POO

Nank. Were you not to Ko-Ko plighted,
I would say in tender tone,
"Loved one, let us be united—
Let us be each other's own!"
I would merge all rank and station,
Worldly sneers are nought to us,
And, to mark my admiration,
I would kiss you fondly thus—(*Kisses her.*)
Both. He / She } would kiss me thus—(*Kiss.*)
Yum. But as I'm engaged to Ko-Ko,
To embrace you thus, *con fuoco,*
Would distinctly be no *gioco,*
And for yam I should get toco—
Both. Toco, toco, toco, toco.
Nank. So, in spite of all temptation,
Such a theme I'll not discuss,
And on no consideration
Will I kiss you fondly thus—(*Kissing her.*)
Let me make it clear to you,
This, oh this, oh this, oh this (*Kissing her.*)
This is what I'll never do!
(*Exeunt in opposite directions.*)

Enter Ko-Ko

Ko (*looking after* YUM-YUM). There she goes! To think how entirely my future happiness is wrapped up in that little parcel! Really, it hardly seems worth while! Oh, matrimony! (*Enter* POOH-BAH *and* PISH-TUSH.) Now then, what is it? Can't you see I'm soliloquizing? You have interrupted an apostrophe, sir!

will not betray me! (*Aloud*) What if it should prove that, after all, I am no musician!

Yum. There! I was certain of it, directly I heard you play!

Nank. What if it should prove that I am no other than the son of His Majesty the Mikado?

Yum. The son of the Mikado! But why is your Highness disguised? And what has your Highness done? And will your Highness promise never to do it again?

Nank. Some years ago I had the misfortune to captivate Katisha, an elderly lady of my father's court. She misconstrued my customary affability into expressions of affection, and claimed me in marriage, under my father's law. My father, the Lucius Junius Brutus of his race, ordered me to marry her within a week, or perish ignominiously on the scaffold. That night I fled his court, and, assuming the disguise of a Second Trombone, I joined the band in which you found me when I had the happiness of seeing you! (*Approaching her.*)

Yum (*retreating*). If you please, I think your Highness had better not come too near. The laws against flirting are excessively severe.

Nank. But we are quite alone, and nobody can see us.

Yum. Still that don't make it right. To flirt is illegal, and we must obey the law.

Nank. Deuce take the law!

Yum. I wish it would, but it won't!

Nank. If it were not for that, how happy we might be!

Yum. Happy indeed!

Nank. If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that. (*Sits by her.*)

Yum. Instead of being obliged to sit half a mile off, like that. (*Crosses and sits at other side of stage.*)

Nank. We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that. (*Approaching and gazing at her sentimentally.*)

Yum. Breathing vows of unutterable love—like that. (*Sighing and gazing lovingly at him.*)

Nank. With our arms round each other's waists, like that. (*Embracing her.*)

Yum. Yes, if it wasn't for the law.

Pish. I am the bearer of a letter from His Majesty the Mikado.

Ko (*taking it from him reverentially*). A letter from the Mikado! What in the world can he have to say to me? (*Reads letter.*) Ah, here it is at last! I thought it would come! The Mikado is struck by the fact that no executions have taken place in Titipu for a year, and decrees that unless somebody is beheaded within one month, the post of Lord High Executioner shall be abolished, and the city reduced to the rank of a village!

Pish. But that will involve us all in irretrievable ruin!

Ko. Yes. There's no help for it, I shall have to execute somebody. The only question is, who shall it be?

Pooh. Well, it seems unkind to say so, but as you're already under sentence of death for flirting, everything seems to point to *you.*

Ko. To me? What are you talking about? I can't execute myself, Recorder!

Pooh. Why not?

Ko. Why not? Because, in the first place, self-decapitation is an extremely difficult, not to say dangerous, thing to attempt; and, in the second, it's suicide, and suicide is a capital offence.

Pooh. That is so, no doubt.

Pish. We might reserve that point.

Pooh. True, it could be argued six months hence, before the full Court.

Ko. Besides, I don't see how a man *can* cut off his own head.

Pooh. A man might try.

Pish. Even if you only succeeded in cutting it half off, that would be something.

Pooh. It would be taken as an earnest of your desire to comply with the Imperial will.

Ko. No. Pardon me, but there I am adamant. As official Headsman, my reputation is at stake, and I can't consent to embark on a professional operation unless I see my way to a successful result.

Pooh. This professional conscientiousness is highly creditable to *you*, but it places us in a very awkward position.

Ko. My good sir, the awkwardness of your position is grace itself compared with that of a man engaged in the act of cutting off his own head.

Pish. I am afraid that, unless you can obtain a substitute——

Ko. A substitute? Oh, certainly—nothing easier. (*To* Pooh-Bah.) Pooh-Bah, I appoint you my substitute.

Pooh. I should like it above all things. Such an appointment would realize my fondest dreams. But no, at any sacrifice, I must set bounds to my insatiable ambition!

Trio

Ko-Ko	*Pooh-Bah*	*Pish-Tush*
My brain it teems	I am so proud,	I heard one day,
With endless schemes,	If I allowed	A gentleman say
Both good and new	My family pride	That criminals who
For Titipu;	To be my guide,	Are cut in two
But if I flit,	I'd volunteer	Can hardly feel
The benefit	To quit this sphere	The fatal steel,
That I'd diffuse	Instead of you,	And so are slain
The town would lose!	In a minute or two,	Without much pain.
Now every man	But family pride	If this is true
To aid his clan	Must be denied,	It's jolly for you;
Should plot and plan	And set aside,	Your courage screw
As well as he can,	And mortified,	To bid us adieu,
And so,	And so,	And go
Although	Although	And show
I'm ready to go,	I wish to go,	Both friend and foe
Yet recollect	And greatly pine	How much you dare.
'Twere disrespect	To brightly shine,	I'm quite aware
Did I neglect	And take the line	It's your affair,
To thus effect	Of hero fine,	Yet I declare
This aim direct,	With grief condign	I'd take your share,
So I object—	I must decline—	But I don't much care—
So I object—	I must decline—	I don't much care—
So I object—	I must decline—	I don't much care—

All.

To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock,
In a pestilential prison, with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block!

(*Exeunt all but* Ko-Ko.)

Ko. This is simply appalling! I, who allowed myself to be respited at the last moment, simply in order to benefit my native town, am now required to die within a month, and that by a man whom I have loaded with honours! Is

this public gratitude? Is this—— (*Enter* NANKI-POO *with a rope in his hands.*) Go away, sir! How dare you? Am I never to be permitted to soliloquize?

Nank. Oh, go on—don't mind me.

Ko. What are you going to do with that rope?

Nank. I am about to terminate an unendurable existence.

Ko. Terminate your existence? Oh, nonsense! What for?

Nank. Because you are going to marry the girl I adore.

Ko. Nonsense, sir. I won't permit it. I am a humane man, and if you attempt anything of the kind I shall order your instant arrest. Come, sir, desist at once, or I summon my guard.

Nank. That's absurd. If you attempt to raise an alarm, I instantly perform the Happy Despatch with this dagger.

Ko. No, no, don't do that. This is horrible! (*Suddenly.*) Why, you cold-blooded scoundrel, are you aware that, in taking your life, you are committing a crime which —which—which is—— Oh! (*Struck by an idea.*)

Nank. What's the matter?

Ko. Is it *absolutely certain* that you are resolved to die?

Nank. Absolutely!

Ko. Will *nothing* shake your resolution?

Nank. Nothing.

Ko. Threats, entreaties, prayers—all useless?

Nank. All! My mind is made up.

Ko. Then, if you really mean what you say, and if you are absolutely resolved to die, and if nothing whatever will shake your determination—don't spoil yourself by committing suicide, but be beheaded handsomely at the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. I don't see how that would benefit me.

Ko. You don't? Observe: you'll have a month to live, and you'll live like a fighting cock at my expense. When the day comes there'll be a grand public ceremonial—you'll be the central figure—no one will attempt to deprive you of that distinction. There'll be a procession—bands—dead march—bells tolling—all the girls in tears—Yum-Yum distracted—then, when it's all over, general rejoicings, and a

display of fireworks in the evening. *You* won't see them, but they'll be there all the same.

Nank. Do you think Yum-Yum would really be distracted at my death?

Ko. I am convinced of it. Bless you, she's the most tender-hearted little creature alive.

Nank. I should be sorry to cause her pain. Perhaps, after all, if I were to withdraw from Japan, and travel in Europe for a couple of years, I might contrive to forget her.

Ko. Oh, I don't think you could forget Yum-Yum so easily, and, after all, what is more miserable than a love-blighted life?

Nank. True.

Ko. Life without Yum-Yum—why, it seems absurd!

Nank. And yet there are a good many people in the world who have to endure it.

Ko. Poor devils, yes! You are quite right not to be of their number.

Nank (*suddenly*). I *won't* be of their number!

Ko. Noble fellow!

Nank. I'll tell you how we'll manage it. Let me marry Yum-Yum to-morrow, and in a month you may behead me.

Ko. No, no. I draw the line at Yum-Yum.

Nank. Very good. If you can draw the line, so can I. (*Preparing rope.*)

Ko. Stop, stop—listen one moment—be reasonable. How can I consent to your marrying Yum-Yum if I'm going to marry her myself?

Nank. My good friend, she'll be a widow in a month, and you can marry her then.

Ko. That's true, of course. I quite see that, but, dear me, my position during the next month will be most unpleasant—most unpleasant!

Nank. Not half so unpleasant as my position at the end of it.

Ko. But—dear me—well—I agree—after all, it's only putting off my wedding for a month. But you won't prejudice her against me, will you? You see I've educated her to be my wife; she's been taught to regard me as a wise

and good man. Now I shouldn't like her views on that point disturbed.

Nank. Trust me, she shall never learn the truth from me.

FINALE

Enter CHORUS, POOH-BAH, *and* PISH-TUSH

CHORUS

With aspect stern
And gloomy stride,
We come to learn
How you decide.

Don't hesitate
Your choice to name,
A dreadful fate
You'll suffer all the same.

Pooh. To ask you what you mean to do we punctually appear.

Ko. Congratulate me, gentlemen, I've found a Volunteer!

All. The Japanese equivalent for Hear, Hear, Hear!

Ko (*presenting him*). 'Tis Nanki-Poo!

All. Hail, Nanki-Poo!

Ko. I think he'll do?

All. Yes, yes, he'll do!

Ko. He yields his life if I'll Yum-Yum surrender;
Now I adore that girl with passion tender,
And could not yield her with a ready will,
Or her allot,
If I did not
Adore myself with passion tenderer still!

All. Ah, yes!
He loves himself with passion tenderer still!

Ko (*to* NANKI-POO). Take her—she's yours!

Enter YUM-YUM, PEEP-BO, *and* PITTI-SING

Nank. and Yum. Oh, rapture!

ENSEMBLE

Yum and Nank. The threatened cloud has passed away;
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
There's yet a month of afternoon!
Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song,
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer
Inaugurate our brief career!

All. Then let the throng, etc.

Pitti-Sing. A day, a week, a month, a year—
Or be it far, or be it near,
Life's eventime comes much too soon,
You'll live at least a honeymoon!

All. Then let the throng, etc.

SOLO

Pooh.

As in three weeks you've got to die,
If Ko-Ko tells us true,
'Twere empty compliment to cry
Long life to Nanki-Poo!

But as you've got three weeks to live
As fellow citizen,
This toast with three times three we'll give—
"Long life to you—till then!"

CHORUS

May all good fortune prosper you,
May you have health and riches too,
May you succeed in all you do.
Long life to you—till then!

DANCE

Enter KATISHA *melodramatically*

Kat. Your revels cease—assist me all of you!

CHORUS

Why, who is this whose evil eyes
Rain blight on our festivities?

Kat. I claim my perjured lover, Nanki-Poo!
Oh, fool! to shun delights that never cloy!
Come back, oh, shallow fool! come back to joy!

CHORUS

Go, leave thy deadly work undone;
Away, away! ill-favoured one!

Nank (*aside to* YUM-YUM). Ah!
'Tis Katisha!
The maid of whom I told you. (*About to go.*)

Kat (*detaining him*). No!
You shall not go,
These arms shall thus enfold you!

SONG

Kat (*addressing* NANKI-POO).
Oh fool, that fleest
My hallowed joys!
Oh blind, that seest
No equipoise!
Oh rash, that judgest
From half, the whole!
Oh base, that grudgest
Love's lightest dole!
Thy heart unbind,
Oh fool, oh blind!
Give me my place,
Oh rash, oh base!

CHORUS

If she's thy bride, restore her place,
Oh fool, oh blind, oh rash, oh base!

Kat. (*addressing* YUM-YUM).

Pink cheek, that rulest
Where wisdom serves!
Bright eye, that foolest
Steel-tempered nerves!
Rose-lip, that scornest
Lore-laden years—
Sweet tongue, that warnest
Who rightly hears—
Thy doom is nigh,
Pink cheek, bright eye!
Thy knell is rung,
Rose-lip, sweet tongue!

CHORUS

If true her tale, thy knell is rung,
Pink cheek, bright eye, rose-lip, sweet tongue!

Pitti-Sing.

Away, nor prosecute your quest—
From our intention well expressed,
You cannot turn us!
The state of your connubial views
Towards the person you accuse
Does not concern us!
For he's going to marry Yum-Yum—

All. Yum-Yum!

Pitti. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—

All. Cumb—cumb!

Pitti. You'll find there are many
Who'll wed for a penny—
The word for your guidance is, "Mum"—

All. Mum—mum!

Pitti. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
All. There's lots of good fish in the sea!
And you'll find there are many, etc.

SOLO

Kat. The hour of gladness
Is dead and gone;
In silent sadness
I live alone!
The hope I cherished
All lifeless lies,
And all has perished
Save love, which never dies!

Oh, faithless one, this insult you shalt rue!
In vain for mercy on your knees you'll sue.
I'll tear the mask from you disguising!
Nank (*aside*). Now comes the blow!
Kat. Prepare yourself for news surprising!
Nank (*aside*). How foil my foe?
Kat. No minstrel he, despite bravado!
Yum (*aside, struck by an idea*).
Ha! ha! I know!
Kat. He is the son of your—

(NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM, *interrupting, sing Japanese words to drown her voice.*)
O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
O sa! bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. In vain you interrupt with this tornado!
He is the only son of your——
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. I'll spoil——
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Your gay gambado!
He is the son——
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!
Kat. Of your——
All. O ni; bikkuri shakkuri to!

ENSEMBLE

Katisha

Ye torrents roar!
Ye tempests howl!
Your wrath outpour
With angry growl!
Do ye your worst, my vengeance call
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Prepare for woe,
Ye haughty lords,
At once I go
Mikado-wards.
And when he learns his son is found
My wrongs with vengeance will be crowned!

The Others

We'll hear no more,
Ill-omened owl,
To joy we soar,
Despite your scowl.
The echoes of our festival
Shall rise triumphant over all!
Away you go,
Collect your hordes;
Proclaim your woe
In dismal chords;
We do not heed their dismal sound,
For joy reigns everywhere around!

KATISHA *rushes furiously up stage, clearing the crowd away right and left, finishing on steps at the back of stage.*

ACT II

SCENE—KO-KO'S *Garden*

YUM-YUM *discovered seated at her bridal toilet, surrounded by maidens who are dressing her hair and painting her face and lips, as she judges of the effect in a mirror.*

CHORUS

Braid the raven hair—
  Weave the supple tress—
Deck the maiden fair
  In her loveliness—
Paint the pretty face—
  Dye the coral lip—
Emphasize the grace
  Of her ladyship!
Art and nature, thus allied,
Go to make a pretty bride.

SOLO

Pitti-Sing. Sit with downcast eye—
Let it brim with dew—
Try if you can cry—
We will do so, too.
When you're summoned, start
Like a frightened doe—
Flutter, little heart,
Colour, come and go!
Modesty at marriage tide
Well becomes a pretty bride!

CHORUS

Braid the raven hair, etc.

(*Exeunt Chorus.*)

Yum (*looking at herself in glass*). Yes, I am indeed beautiful! Sometimes I sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than anybody else in the whole world? Can this be vanity? No! Nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness. I am a child of Nature, and take after my mother.

SONG

Yum-Yum.

The sun, whose rays
Are all ablaze
  With ever living glory,
Does not deny
His majesty—
  He scorns to tell a story!
He don't exclaim
"I blush for shame,
  So kindly be indulgent,"
But, fierce and bold,
In fiery gold,
  He glories all affulgent!

I mean to rule the earth,
  As he the sky—
We really know our worth,
  The sun and I!

Observe his flame,
That placid dame,
  The moon's Celestial Highness;
There's not a trace
Upon her face
  Of diffidence or shyness!
She borrows light
That, through the night,
  Mankind may all acclaim her!
And, truth to tell,
She lights up well,
So I, for one, don't blame her!

Ah, pray make no mistake,
  We are not shy;
We're very wide awake,
  The moon and I!

Yum. Yes, everything seems to smile upon me. I am

to be married to-day to the man I love best, and I believe I am the very happiest girl in Japan!

Peep. The happiest girl indeed, for she is indeed to be envied who has attained happiness in all but perfection.

Yum. In "all but" perfection?

Peep. Well, dear, it can't be denied that the fact that your husband is to be beheaded in a month is, in its way, a drawback.

Pitti. I don't know about that. It all depends!

Peep. At all events, *he* will find it a drawback.

Pitti. Not necessarily. Bless you, it all depends!

Yum (*in tears*). I think it very indelicate of you to refer to such a subject on such a day. If my married happiness *is* to be—to be—

Peep. Cut short.

Yum. Well, cut short—in a month, can't you let me forget it? (*Weeping.*)

Enter NANKI-POO *followed by* PISH-TUSH

Nank. Yum-Yum in tears—and on her wedding-morn!

Yum. (*sobbing*). They've been reminding me that in a month you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Pitti. Yes, we've been reminding her that you're to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Peep. It's quite true, you know, you *are* to be beheaded! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Nank. (*aside*). Humph! How some bridegrooms would be depressed by this sort of thing! (*Aloud.*) A month? Well, what's a month? Bah! These divisions of time are purely arbitrary. Who says twenty-four hours make a day?

Pitti. There's a popular impression to that effect.

Nank. Then we'll efface it. We'll call each second a minute—each minute an hour—each hour a day—and each day a year. At that rate we've about thirty years of married happiness before us!

Peep. And at that rate, this interview has already lasted four hours and three quarters! (*Exit* PEEP-BO.)

Yum. (*still sobbing*). Yes. How time flies when one is thoroughly enjoying oneself!

Nank. That's the way to look at it! Don't let's be downhearted! There's a silver lining to every cloud.

Yum. Certainly. Let's—let's be perfectly happy! (*Almost in tears.*)

Pish. By all means. Let's—let's thoroughly enjoy ourselves.

Pitti. It's—it's absurd to cry! (*Trying to force a laugh.*)

Yum. Quite ridiculous! (*Trying to laugh.*)

(*All break into a forced and melancholy laugh.*)

Quartette—YUM-YUM, PITTI-SING, NANK., *and* PISH-TUSH.

Brightly dawns our wedding day;
Joyous hour, we give thee greeting!
Whither, whither art thou fleeting?
Fickle moment, prithee stay!
What though mortal joys be hollow?
Pleasures come, if sorrows follow:
Though the tocsin sound, ere long,
Ding dong; Ding dong!
Yet until the shadows fall
Over one and over all,
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! etc. (*Ending in tears.*)
Let us dry the ready tear,
Though the hours are surely creeping,
Little need for woeful weeping,
Till the sad sundown is near.
All must sip the cup of sorrow—
I to-day and thou to-morrow:
This the close of every song—
Ding dong! Ding dong!
What, though solemn shadows fall,
Sooner, later, over all?
Sing a merry madrigal—
A madrigal!
Fal-la—fal-la! etc. (*Ending in tears.*)

(*Exeunt* PITTI-SING *and* PISH-TUSH. NANKI-POO *embraces* YUM-YUM.)

Enter KO-KO—NANKI-POO *releases* YUM-YUM.

Ko. Go on—don't mind me.

Nank. I'm afraid we're distressing you.

Ko. Never mind, I must get used to it. Only please do it by degrees. Begin by putting your arm round her waist. (NANKI-POO *does so.*) There; let me get used to that first.

Yum. Oh, wouldn't you like to retire? It must pain you to see us so affectionate together!

Ko. No, I must learn to bear it! Now oblige me by allowing her head to rest on your shoulder. (*He does so*—KO-KO *much affected.*) I am much obliged to you. Now—kiss her! (*He does so*—KO-KO *writhes with anguish.*) Thank you—it's simple torture!

Yum. Come, come, bear up. After all, it's only for a month.

Ko. No. It's no use deluding oneself with false hopes.

Nank. } What do you mean?
Yum. }

Ko. (*to* YUM-YUM). My child—my poor child. (*Aside.*) How shall I break it to her? (*Aloud.*) My little bride that was to have been——

Yum. (*delighted*). *Was* to have been!

Ko. Yes, you never can be mine!

Yum. (*in ecstasy*). What! ! !

Ko. I've just ascertained that, by the Mikado's law, when a married man is beheaded his wife is buried alive.

Yum. } Buried alive!
Nank. }

Ko. Buried alive. It's a most unpleasant death.

Nank. But whom did you get that from?

Ko. Oh, from Pooh-Bah. He's my solicitor.

Yum. But he may be mistaken!

Ko. So I thought, so I consulted the Attorney-General, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Judge Ordinary, and the Lord Chancellor. They're all of the same opinion. Never knew such unanimity on a point of law in my life!

Nank. But stop a bit! This law has never been put in force?

Ko. Not yet. You see, flirting is the only crime punshable with decapitation, and married men never flirt.

Nank. Of course they don't. I quite forgot that! Well, I suppose I may take it that my dream of happiness is at an end!

Yum. Darling—I don't want to appear selfish, and I love you with all my heart—I don't suppose I shall ever love anybody else half as much—but when I agreed to marry you—my own—I had no idea—pet—that I should have to be buried alive in a month!

Nank. Nor I! It's the very first I've heard of it!

Yum. It makes a difference, don't it?

Nank. It *does* make a difference, of course!

Yum. You see—burial alive—it's such a stuffy death! You see my difficulty, don't you?

Nank. Yes, and I see my own. If I insist on your carrying out your promise, I doom you to a hideous death; if I release you, you marry Ko-Ko at once!

TRIO

Yum. Here's a how-de-do!
If I marry you,
When your time has come to perish,
Then the maiden whom you cherish
Must be slaughtered too!
Here's a how-de-do!

Nank. Here's a pretty mess!
In a month, or less,
I must die without a wedding!
Let the bitter tears I'm shedding
Witness my distress.
Here's a pretty mess!

Ko. Here's a state of things!
To her life she clings!
Matrimonial devotion
Doesn't seem to suit her notion—
Burial it brings!
Here's a state of things!

ENSEMBLE

Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo
With a passion that's intense
I worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
We oughtn't to ignore.
If what he says is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

Ko-Ko
With a passion that's intense
You worship and adore,
But the laws of common sense
You oughtn't to ignore.
If what I say is true,
It is death to marry you!
Here's a pretty state of things!
Here's a pretty how-de-do!

(*Exit* YUM-YUM.)

Ko. (*going up to* NANKI-POO). My poor boy, I'm really very sorry for you.

Nank. Thanks, old fellow. I'm sure you are.

Ko. You see I'm quite helpless.

Nank. I quite see that.

Ko. I can't conceive any thing more distressing than to have one's marriage broken off at the last moment. But you sha'n't be disappointed of a wedding—you shall come to mine.

Nank. It's awfully kind of you, but that's impossible.

Ko. Why so?

Nank. To-day I die.

Ko. What do you mean?

Nank. I can't live without Yum-Yum. This afternoon I perform the Happy Despatch.

Ko. No, no—pardon me—I can't allow that.

Nank. Why not?

Ko. Why, hang it all, you're under contract to die by the hand of the Public Executioner in a month's time! If you kill yourself, what's to become of me? Why, I shall have to be executed in your place!

Nank. It would certainly seem so!

Enter POOH-BAH

Ko. Now then, Lord Mayor, what is it?

Pooh. The Mikado and his suite are approaching the city, and will be here in ten minutes.

Ko. The Mikado! He's coming to see whether his orders have been carried out! (*To* NANKI-POO.) Now look here, you know—this is getting serious—a bargain's a bargain, and you really mustn't frustrate the ends of justice by committing suicide. As a man of honour and a gentleman, you are bound to die ignominiously by the hands of the Public Executioner.

Nank. Very well, then—behead me.

Ko. What, now?

Nank. Certainly; at once.

Ko. My good sir, I don't go about prepared to execute gentlemen at a moment's notice. Why, I never even killed a blue-bottle!

Pooh. Still, as Lord High Executioner,——

Ko. My good sir, as Lord High Executioner I've got to behead him in a month. I'm not ready yet. I don't know how it's done. I'm going to take lessons. I mean to begin with a guinea pig, and work my way through the animal kingdom till I come to a second trombone. Why, you don't suppose that, as a humane man, I'd have accepted the post of Lord High Executioner if I hadn't thought the duties were purely nominal? I *can't* kill you—I can't kill anything! (*Weeps.*)

Nank. Come, my poor fellow, we all have unpleasant duties to discharge at times; after all, what is it? If I don't mind, why should you? Remember, sooner or later it must be done.

Ko. (*springing up suddenly*). *Must it?* I'm not so sure about that!

Nank. What do you mean?

Ko. Why should I kill you when making an affidavit that you've been executed will do just as well? Here are plenty of witnesses—the Lord Chief Justice and Lord High Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of State for the Home Department, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chief Commissioner of Police. They'll all swear to it—won't you? (*To* POOH-BAH.)

Pooh. Am I to understand that all of us high Officers

of State are required to perjure ourselves to ensure your safety?

Ko. Why not? You'll be grossly insulted, as usual.

Pooh. Will the insult be cash down, or at a date?

Ko. It will be a ready-money transaction.

Pooh. (*aside*). Well, it will be a useful discipline. (*Aloud.*) Very good. Choose your fiction, and I'll endorse it! (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! Family Pride, how do you like *that*, my buck?

Nank. But I tell you that life without Yum-Yum——

Ko. Oh, Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum! Bother Yum-Yum! Here, Commissionaire (*to* POOH-BAH), go and fetch Yum-Yum. (*Exit* POOH-BAH.) Take Yum-Yum and marry Yum-Yum, only go away and never come back again. (*Enter* POOH-BAH *with* YUM-YUM *and* PITTI-SING.) Here she is. Yum-Yum, are you particularly busy?

Yum. Not particularly.

Ko. You've five minutes to spare?

Yum. Yes.

Ko. Then go along with his Grace the Archbishop of Titipu; he'll marry you at once.

Yum. But if I'm to be buried alive?

Ko. Now don't ask any questions, but do as I tell you, and Nanki-Poo will explain all.

Nank. But one moment——

Ko. Not for worlds. Here comes the Mikado, no doubt to ascertain whether I've obeyed his decree, and if he finds you alive, I shall have the greatest difficulty in persuading him that I've beheaded you. (*Exeunt* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM, *followed by* POOH-BAH.) Close thing that, for here he comes!

March—Enter procession, heralding MIKADO, *with* KATISHA.

CHORUS

("*March of the Mikado's troops.*")

Miya sama, miya sama,
On ma no mayé ni
Pira-Pira suru no wa
Nan gia na
Toko tonyaré tonyaré na!

DUET—MIKADO *and* KATISHA

Mik. From every kind of man
Obedience I expect;
I'm the Emperor of Japan—
Kat. And I'm his daughter-in-law elect!
He'll marry his son
(He has only got one)
To his daughter-in-law elect.
Mik. My morals have been declared
Particularly correct;
Kat. But they're nothing at all, compared
With those of his daughter-in-law elect.
Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect!
All. Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect.
Mik. In a fatherly kind of way
I govern each tribe and sect,
All cheerfully own my sway—
Kat. Except his daughter-in-law elect!
As tough as a bone,
With a will of her own,
Is his daughter-in-law elect!
Mik. My nature is love and light—
My freedom from all defect—
Kat. Is insignificant quite,
Compared with his daughter-in-law elect.
Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect!
All. Bow! Bow!
To his daughter-in-law elect!

SONG

Mik. A more humane Mikado never
Did in Japan exist,
To nobody second,
I'm certainly reckoned
A true philanthropist.
It is my very humane endeavour
To make, to some extent,

Each evil liver
A running river
Of harmless merriment.
My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time—
To let the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime;
And make each prisoner pent
Unwillingly represent
A source of innocent merriment,
Of innocent merriment!

All prosy dull society sinners,
Who chatter and bleat and bore,
Are sent to hear sermons
From mystical Germans
Who preach from ten to four.
The amateur tenor, whose vocal villainies
All desire to shirk,
Shall, during off-hours,
Exhibit his powers
To Madame Tussaud's waxwork.

The lady who dyes a chemical yellow,
Or stains her gray hair puce,
Or pinches her figger,
Is blacked like a nigger
With permanent walnut juice.
The idiot who, in railway carriages,
Scribbles on window panes,
We only suffer
To ride on a buffer
In Parliamentary trains.

My object all sublime, etc.

The advertising quack who wearies
With tales of countless cures,
His teeth, I've enacted,
Shall all be extracted

By terrified amateurs.
The music hall singer attends a series
Of masses and fugues and "ops"
By Bach, interwoven
With Spohr and Beethoven,
At classical Monday Pops.

The billiard sharp whom any one catches,
His doom's extremely hard—
He's made to dwell
In a dungeon cell
On a spot that's always barred.
And there he plays extravagant matches
In fitless finger-stalls,
On a cloth untrue
With a twisted cue,
And elliptical billiard balls!

My object all sublime, etc.

Enter POOH-BAH, *who hands a paper to* KO-KO

Ko. I am honoured in being permitted to welcome your Majesty. I guess the object of your Majesty's visit—your wishes have been attended to. The execution has taken place.

Mik. Oh, you've had an execution, have you?

Ko. Yes. The Coroner has just handed me his certificate.

Pooh. I am the Coroner. (KO-KO *hands certificate to* MIKADO.)

Mik. (*reads*). "At Titipu, in the presence of the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice, Attorney-General, Secretary of State for the Home Department, Lord Mayor, and Groom of the Second Floor Front."

Pooh. They were all present, your Majesty. I counted them myself.

Mik. Very good house. I wish I'd been in time for the performance.

Ko. A tough fellow he was, too—a man of gigantic strength. His struggles were terrific. It was really a remarkable scene.

TRIO—KO-KO, PITTI-SING, *and* POOH-BAH

Ko. The criminal cried, as he dropped him down,
In a state of wild alarm—
With a frightful, frantic, fearful frown
I bared my big right arm.
I seized him by his little pig-tail,
And on his knees fell he,
As he squirmed and struggled
And guggled and guggled,
I drew my snickersnee!
Oh never shall I
Forget the cry,
Or the shriek that shriekèd he,
As I gnashed my teeth,
When from its sheath
I drew my snickersnee!

CHORUS

We know him well,
He cannot tell
Untrue or groundless tales—
He always tries
To utter lies,
And every time he fails.

Pitti. He shivered and shook as he gave the sign
For the stroke he didn't deserve;
When all of a sudden his eye met mine,
And it seemed to brace his nerve,
For he nodded his head and kissed his hand,
And he whistled an air, did he,
As the sabre true
Cut cleanly through
His cervical vertebrae!
When a man's afraid,
A beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see.
And it's oh, I'm glad,
That moment sad
Was soothed by sight of me!

CHORUS

Her terrible tale
You can't assail,
With truth it quite agrees;
Her taste exact
For faultless fact
Amounts to a disease.

Pooh. Now though you'd have said that head was dead
(For its owner dead was he),
It stood on its neck with a smile well bred
And bowed three times to me!
It was none of your impudent off-hand nods,
But as humble as could be.
For it clearly knew
The deference due
To a man of pedigree!
And it's oh, I vow,
This deathly bow
Was a touching sight to see;
Though trunkless, yet
It couldn't forget
The deference due to me!

CHORUS

This haughty youth
He speaks the truth
Whenever he finds it pays,
And in this case
It all took place
Exactly as he says! (*Exeunt* CHORUS.)

Mik. All this is very interesting, and I should like to have seen it. But we came about a totally different matter. A year ago my son, the heir to the throne of Japan, bolted from our imperial court.

Ko. Indeed? Had he any reason to be dissatisfied with his position?

Kat. None whatever. On the contrary, I was going to marry him—yet he fled!

Pooh. I am surprised that he should have fled from one so lovely!

Kat. That's not true. You hold that I am not beautiful because my face is plain. But you know nothing; you are still unenlightened. Learn, then, that it is not in the face alone that beauty is to be sought. But I have a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination that few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card. As for my circulation, it is the largest in the world. Observe this ear.

Ko. Large.

Kat. Large? Enormous! But think of its delicate internal mechanism. It is fraught with beauty! As for this tooth, it almost stands alone. Many have tried to draw it, but in vain.

Ko. And yet he fled!

Mik. And is now masquerading in this town, disguised as a second trombone.

Pooh.
Pitti.
Ko. } A second trombone!

Mik. Yes; would it be troubling you too much if I asked you to produce him? He goes by the name of Nanki-Poo.

Ko. Oh, no; not at all—only—

Mik. Yes?

Ko. It's rather awkward, but in point of fact, he's gone abroad!

Mik. Gone abroad? His address!

Ko. Knightsbridge!

Kat. (*who is reading certificate of death*). Ha!

Mik. What's the matter?

Kat. See here—his name—Nanki-Poo—beheaded this morning. Oh, where shall I find another! Where shall I find another! (Ko-Ko, Pooh-Bah, *and* Pitti-Sing *fall on their knees.*)

Mik. (*looking at paper*). Dear, dear, dear; this is very tiresome. (*To* Ko-Ko.) My poor fellow, in your anxiety to carry out my wishes, you have beheaded the heir to the throne of Japan!

Ko. But I assure you we had no idea—
Together. *Pooh.* But, indeed, we didn't know—
Pitti. We really hadn't the least notion—

Mik. Of course you hadn't. How could you? Come, come, my good fellow, don't distress yourself—it was no fault of yours. If a man of exalted rank chooses to disguise himself as a second trombone, he must take the consequences. It really distresses me to see you take on so. I've no doubt he thoroughly deserved all he got. (*They rise.*)

Ko. We are infinitely obliged to your Majesty—

Mik. Obliged? not a bit. Don't mention it. How *could* you tell?

Pooh. No, of course we couldn't know that he was the Heir Apparent.

Pitti. It wasn't written on his forehead, you know.

Ko. It might have been on his pocket-handkerchief, but Japanese don't use pocket-handkerchiefs! Ha! ha! ha!

Mik. Ha! ha! ha! (*To* KAT.) I forget the punishment for compassing the death of the Heir Apparent.

Ko.
Pooh. } Punishment! (*They drop down on their knees again.*)
Pitti.

Mik. Yes. Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead. Come, come, don't fret.—I'm not a bit angry.

Ko. (*in abject terror*). If your Majesty will accept our assurance, we had no idea——

Mik. Of course you hadn't. That's the pathetic part of it. Unfortunately the fool of an act says "compassing the death of the Heir Apparent." There's not a word about a mistake or not knowing, or having no notion. There should be, of course, but there isn't. That's the slovenly way in which these acts are drawn. However, cheer up, it'll be all right. I'll have it altered next session.

Ko. What's the good of that?

Mik. Now let's see—will after luncheon suit you? Can you wait till then?

Ko., Pitti, and Pooh. Oh, yes—we can wait till then!

Mik. Then we'll make it after luncheon. I'm really very sorry for you all, but it's an unjust world, and virtue is triumphant only in theatrical performances.

GLEE

Mik. and Kat.
See how the Fates their gifts allot,
For A is happy—B is not.
Yet B is worthy, I dare say,
Of more prosperity than A!
Ko., Pooh., and Pitti. *Is* B more worthy?
Mik. and Kat. I should say
He's worth a great deal more than A.
All. Yet A is happy!
Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ever joyous, ever gay,
Happy, undeserving A!
Ko., Pooh., and Pitti.
If I were Fortune—which I'm not—
B should enjoy A's happy lot,
And A should die in miserie,
That is, assuming I am B.
Mik. and Kat. But *should* A perish?
Ko, Pooh, and Pitti. That should he
(Of course assuming I am B.)
All. B should be happy!
Oh so happy!
Laughing, Ha! ha!
Chaffing, Ha! ha!
Nectar quaffing, Ha! ha! ha! ha!
But condemned to die is he,
Wretched, meritorious B!

(*Exeunt* MIKADO *and* KATISHA.)

Ko. Well! a nice mess you've got us into, with your nodding head and the deference due to a man of pedigree!

Pooh. Merely corroborative detail, intended to give artistic verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing narrative.

Pitti. Corroborative detail indeed! Corroborative fiddlestick!

Ko. And you're just as bad as he is with your cock-and-a-bull stories, about catching his eye, and his whistling air. But that's so like you! You must put in your oar!

Pooh. But how about your big right arm?

Pitti. Yes, and your snickersnee!

Ko. Well, well, never mind that now. There's only one thing to be done. Nanki-Poo hasn't started yet—he must come to life again at once—(*Enter* NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM *prepared for journey*) here he comes. Here, Nanki-Poo, I've good news for you—you're reprieved.

Nank. Oh, but it's too late. I'm a dead man, and I'm off for my honeymoon.

Ko. Nonsense. A terrible thing has just happened. It seems that you're the son of the Mikado.

Nank. Yes, but that happened some time ago.

Ko. Is this a time for airy persiflage? Your father is here, and with Katisha!

Nank. My father! And with Katisha!

Ko. Yes, he wants you particularly.

Pooh. So does she.

Yum. Oh, but he's married now.

Ko. But, bless my heart, what has that to do with it?

Nank. Katisha claims me in marriage, but I can't marry her because I'm married already—consequently she will insist on my execution, and if I'm executed, my wife will have to be buried alive.

Yum. You see our difficulty.

Ko. Yes, I don't know what's to be done.

Nank. There's one chance for you. If you could persuade Katisha to marry you, she would have no further claim on me, and in that case I could come to life without any fear of being put to death.

Ko. I marry Katisha!

Yum. I really think it's the only course.

Ko. But, my good girl, have you seen her? She's something appalling!

Pitti. Ah, that's only her face. She has a left elbow which people come miles to see!

Pooh. I am told that her right heel is much admired by connoisseurs.

Ko. My good sir, I decline to pin my heart upon any lady's right heel.

Nank. It comes to this: While Katisha is single, I prefer to be a disembodied spirit. When Katisha is married, existence will be as welcome as the flowers in spring.

DUET—NANKI-POO *and* KO-KO

Nank. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine—
As we merrily dance and we sing,
Tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring,
Tra la,
Of a summer of roses and wine;
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la la la la la, etc.

All. And that's what we mean, etc.

Ko. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra la,
Have nothing to do with the case,
I've got to take under my wing,
Tra la,
A most unattractive old thing,
Tra la,
With a caricature of a face;
And that's what I mean when I say, or I sing,
Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring!
Tra la la la la la, etc.

All. And that's what he means when he ventures to sing, etc.

(*Dance and exeunt* NANKI-POO, YUM-YUM, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING.)

Enter KATISHA

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RECIT.

Alone, and yet alive! Oh, sepulchre!
My soul is still my body's prisoner!
Remote the peace that Death alone can give—
My doom, to wait! my punishment, to live!

SONG

Hearts do not break!
They sting and ache
For old sake's sake,
But do not die!
Though with each breath
They long for death,
As witnesseth
The living I!
Oh, living I!
Come, tell me why,
When hope is gone
Dost thou stay on?
Why linger here,
Where all is drear?
May not a cheated maiden die?

Ko. (*approaching her timidly*). Katisha!

Kat. The miscreant who robbed me of my love! But vengeance pursues—they are heating the cauldron!

Ko. Katisha—behold a suppliant at your feet! Katisha—mercy!

Kat. Mercy? Had you mercy on him? See here, you! You have slain my love. He did not love *me,* but he would have loved me in time. I am an acquired taste—only the educated palate can appreciate *me.* I was educating *his* palate when he left me. Well, he is dead, and where shall I find another? It takes years to train a man to love me—am I to go through the weary round again, and, at the some time, implore mercy for you who robbed me of my prey—I mean my pupil—just as his education was on the point of completion? Oh, where shall I find another!

Ko. (*suddenly, and with great vehemence*). Here!—Here!

Kat. What! ! !

Ko. (*with intense passion*). Katisha, for years I have loved you with a white-hot passion that is slowly but surely consuming my very vitals! Ah, shrink not from me! If there is aught of woman's mercy in your heart, turn not away from a love-sick suppliant whose every fibre thrills at your tiniest touch! True it is that, under a poor mask of disgust, I have endeavoured to conceal a passion whose inner fires are broiling the soul within me. But the fire will not be smothered—it defies all attempts at extinction and, breaking forth all the more eagerly for its long restraint it declares itself in words that will not be weighed—that cannot be schooled—that should not be too severely criticized. Katisha, I dare not hope for your love—but I will not live without it!

Kat. You, whose hands still reek with the blood of my betrothed, dare to address words of passion to the woman you have so foully wronged!

Ko. I do—accept my love, or I perish on the spot!

Kat. Go to! Who knows so well as I that no one ever yet died of a broken heart!

Ko. You know not what you say. Listen!

SONG

Ko. On a tree by a river a little tom-tit
Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And I said to him, "Dicky-bird, why do you sit
Singing, 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?
Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
"Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
With a shake of his poor little head he replied,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
Singing, "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!
He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave,
Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
Isn't Willow, titwillow, titwillow,
That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
Shall perish as he did, and you will know why,
Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
"Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

(*During this song* KATISHA *has been greatly affected, and at the end is almost in tears.*)

Kat. (*whimpering*). Did he really die of love?
Ko. He really did.
Kat. All on account of a cruel little hen?
Ko. Yes.
Kat. Poor little chap!
Ko. It's an affecting tale, and quite true. I knew the ird intimately.
Kat. Did you? He must have been very fond of her!
Ko. His devotion was something extraordinary.
Kat. (*still whimpering*). Poor little chap! And—and I refuse you, you will go and do the same?
Ko. At once.
Kat. No, no—you mustn't! Anything but that! (*Falls n his breast.*) Oh, I'm a silly little goose!
Ko. (*making a wry face*). You are!
Kat. And you won't hate me because I'm just a little eny weeny wee bit blood-thirsty, will you?

Ko. Hate you? Oh, Katisha! is there not beauty even in bloodthirstiness?

Kat. My idea exactly.

DUET—KO-KO *and* KATISHA

Kat. There is beauty in the bellow of the blast,
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale,
There is eloquent out-pouring
When the lion is a-roaring,
And the tiger is a-lashing of his tail!
Ko. Yes, I like to see a tiger
From the Congo or the Niger,
And especially when lashing of his tail!
Kat. Volcanoes have a splendour that is grim,
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts,
But to him who's scientific
There's nothing that's terrific
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts!
Yes, in spite of all my meekness,
If I have a little weakness,
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts.
Both. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done.
Ko. There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?
Kat. Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough.
Ko. Are you old enough to marry, do you think?
Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shade?

There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic;
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?
at. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention,
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.
oth. If that is so,
Sing derry down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Nor tardily tarry
Till day is done!

(*Exeunt together.*)

Flourish. Enter the MIKADO, *attended by* PISH-TUSH *and Court*

Mik. Now then, we've had a capital lunch, and we're uite ready. Have all the painful preparations been made?
Pish. Your Majesty, all is prepared.
Mik. Then produce the unfortunate gentleman and his wo well-meaning but misguided accomplices.

Enter KO-KO, KATISHA, POOH-BAH, *and* PITTI-SING.

They throw themselves at the MIKADO'S *feet*

Kat. Mercy! Mercy for Ko-Ko! Mercy for Pitti-Sing! Mercy even for Pooh-Bah!
Mik. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught hat remark.
Kat. Mercy! My husband that was to have been is ead, and I have just married this miserable object.
Mik. Oh! You've not been long about it!
Ko. We were married before the Registrar.
Pooh. *I* am the Registrar.
Mik. I see. But my difficulty is that, as you have slain he Heir Apparent——

Enter NANKI-POO *and* YUM-YUM. *They kneel*

Nank. The Heir Apparent is *not* slain.

Mik. Bless my heart, my son!

Yum. And your daughter-in-law elected!

Kat. (*seizing* Ko-Ko.) Traitor, you have deceived me

Mik. Yes, you are entitled to a little explanation, bu I think he will give it better whole than in pieces.

Ko. Your Majesty, it's like this. It is true that I state that I had killed Nanki-Poo——

Mik. Yes, with most affecting particulars.

Pooh. Merely corroborative detail intended to give veri similitude to a bald and——

Ko. *Will* you refrain from putting in your oar? (*T* MIK.) It's like this: when your Majesty says, "Let a thin be done," it's as good as done—practically, it *is* done—be cause your Majesty's will is law. Your Majesty says "Kill a gentleman," and a gentleman is told off to be killed Consequently, that gentleman is as good as dead—prac tically, he *is* dead—and if he is dead, why not say so?

Mik. I see. Nothing could possibly be more satisfactory

FINALE

Pitti. For he's gone and married Yum-Yum—
All. Yum-Yum!
Pitti. Your anger pray bury
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
All. Cumb-cumb!
Pitti. And join our expressions of glee!
Ko. On this subject I pray you be dumb—
All. Dumb-dumb!
Ko. Your notions, though many,
Are not worth a penny,
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—
All. Mum-mum!
Ko. You've a very good bargain in me.
Yum. and Nank. The threatened cloud has passed away,
And brightly shines the dawning day;
What though the night may come too soon,
We've years and years of afternoon!

u. Then let the throng
Our joy advance,
With laughing song
And merry dance,
With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!

Then let the throng, etc.

CURTAIN

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

or, The Slave of Duty

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RICHARD (*a Pirate Chief*)
SAMUEL (*his Lieutenant*)
FREDERIC (*a Pirate Apprentice*)
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY (*of the British Army*)
EDWARD (*a Sergeant of Police*)
MABEL (GENERAL STANLEY'S *Youngest Daughter*)
KATE, EDITH, ISABEL } GENERAL STANLEY'S *Daughters*
RUTH, *a Piratical "Maid-of-all-work"*
GENERAL STANLEY'S DAUGHTERS, PIRATES, POLICEMEN, *etc.*

ACT I—*A Rocky Seashore on the Coast of Cornwall, England.*
ACT II—*A Ruined Chapel on* GENERAL STANLEY'S *Estate.*

ACT I

SCENE.—*A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R. C. of the stage. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor.*

As the curtain rises groups of Pirates are discovered, some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, *the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask.* FREDERIC *is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C.* RUTH *kneels at his feet.*

OPENING CHORUS

Pour, oh pour the pirate sherry!
Fill, oh fill the pirate glass!
And, to make us more than merry,
Let the pirate bumper pass.

SOLO—SAMUEL

For to-day our pirate 'prentice
Rises from indentures freed.
Strong his arm and keen his scent is;
He's a pirate now indeed!

ALL

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures!

SOLO—SAMUEL

Two-and-twenty, now he's rising,
And alone he's fit to fly;
Which we're bent on signalizing
With unusual revelry.

ALL

Here's good luck to Frederic's ventures!
Frederic's out of his indentures!
So pour, oh pour the pirate sherry, etc.

(FREDERIC *rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R. U. E.*)

King. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

All. Hurrah!

Frederic. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

King. What do you mean?

Fred. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you forever.

All. Leave us?

Fred. Forever!

King. But this is quite unaccountable. A keener hand at scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handspike.

Fred. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error. No matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honor bound by it.

Samuel. An error? What error?

Fred. I may not tell you. It would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

(RUTH *comes down C.*)

Ruth. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankering tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

SONG—RUTH

When Frederic was a little lad he proved so brave and daring
His father thought he'd 'prentice him to some career seafaring.
I was, alas! his nursery-maid, and so it fell to *my* lot
To take and bind this promising boy apprentice to a pilot.
A life not bad for a hardy lad, though certainly not a high lot;
Though I'm a nurse, you might do worse than make your boy a pilot.

I was a stupid nursery-maid, on breakers always steering,
And I did not catch the word aright, through being hard of hearing.
Mistaking my instructions, which within my brain did *gy*rate,
I took and bound this promising boy apprentice to a pirate.
A sad mistake it was to make, and doom him to a vile lot!
I bound him to a pirate—you—instead of to a pilot!

I soon found out, beyond all doubt, the scope of this disaster;
But I hadn't the face to return to my place and break it to my master.
A nursery-maid is never afraid of what you people call work,
So I made up my mind to go as a kind of piratical maid-of-all-work;
And that is how you find me now a member of your shy lot,
Which you wouldn't have found had he been bound apprentice to a pilot.

Ruth (*kneeling at his feet*). Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!

Fred. Rise, sweet one; I have long pardoned you. (RUTH *rises.*)

Ruth. The two words were so much alike!

Fred. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads! (RUTH *goes up with* SAMUEL.) But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable; but collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that once out of my indentures I shall feel myself bound to devote myself, heart and soul, to your extermination.

All. Poor lad! poor lad! (*All weep.*)

King. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

Samuel. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

Fred. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you: it wouldn't be right.

King. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

Sam. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

All. Hear! hear!

Fred. Well, then, it is my duty as a pirate to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

King. There is some truth in that.

Fred. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

Sam. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

Fred. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence? Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by

orphans, and so we had to let 'em go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case. (*Crosses R.*)

Sam. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

Fred. There's my difficulty. Until twelve o'clock I would; after twelve o'clock I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

(RUTH *comes down C.*)

Ruth. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well, and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart—what is to become of her?

King. Oh, he will take you with him.

Fred. Well, Ruth, I feel some little difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

Ruth. It is—oh, it is!

Fred. I say I *think* it is—that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

King. True.

Fred. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marry this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain!

King. Oh, Ruth is very well—very well indeed.

Sam. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

Fred. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you. In justice to her and in consideration for you I will leave her behind. (*Hands* RUTH *to* KING.)

King. No, Frederic, this must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would deprive

thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

All (*loudly*). Not one!

King. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic—keep thy love! (*Hands her back to* FREDERIC.)

Fred. You're very good, I'm sure.

King. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins, let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

Fred. I will. By the love I have for you, I swear it. Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization!

King. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic; I shall live and die a pirate king.

SONG—PIRATE KING

Oh better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a sanctimonious part
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to the cheating world go you,
Where pirates all are well-to-do;
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And live and die a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

All. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!

King. And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

All. It is. Hurrah for our Pirate King!

King. When I sally forth to seek my prey
I help myself in a royal way.
I sink a few more ships, it's true,
Than a well-bred monarch ought to do;
But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever *I* do,
Though I am a Pirate King!

ll. You are! Hurrah for the Pirate King!
King. And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!
ll. It is! Hurrah for our Pirate King!

(*After Song, the* KING, SAMUEL, *and all the Pirates, except* REDERIC *and* RUTH, *go off R. and R. U. E.* FREDERIC *comes down C, followed by* RUTH.)

Ruth. Oh take me with you! I cannot live if I am eft behind.

Fred. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are ery dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. ou see, you are considerably older than I: a lad of twenty- ne usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

Ruth. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife f a thousand!

Fred. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, nd that is quite enough now. Ruth, tell me candidly nd without reserve: compared with other women, how re *you?*

Ruth. I will answer you truthfully, master: I have a light cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

Fred. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring ather to your personal appearance. Compared with other vomen, are you beautiful?

Ruth (*bashfully*). I have been told so, dear master.

Fred. Ah, but lately?

Ruth. Oh no; years and years ago.

Fred. But what do you think yourself?

Ruth. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think am a fine woman.

Fred. That is your candid opinion?

Ruth. Yes: I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

Fred. Thank you, Ruth. I believe you, for I am sure ou would not practise on my inexperience. I wish to do he right thing, and if—I say, *if*—you are really a fine voman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union. (*Shakes ands with her.*)

(*Chorus of girls heard in the extreme distance, "Climbing over rocky mountains," etc. See entrance of girls.*)

Fred. Hark! surely I hear voices. Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be custom-house? No, it does not sound like custom-house.

Ruth (*aside*). Confusion! It is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

Fred. (*climbing rocky arch R. C. and looking off L.*) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens!

Ruth (*aside*). Lost! lost! lost!

Fred. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely, is the plainest of them! What grace! what delicacy! what refinement! and Ruth—Ruth told me she was beautiful!

RECIT.

Fred. Oh false one, you have deceived me!
Ruth. I have deceived you?
Fred. Yes, deceived me! (*Denouncing her.*)

DUET—FREDERIC *and* RUTH

Fred. You told me you were fair as gold.
Ruth (*wildly*). And, master, am I not so?
Fred. And now I see you're plain and old.
Ruth. I am sure I am not a jot so.
Fred. Upon my innocence you play.
Ruth. I'm not the one to plot so.
Fred. Your face is lined, your hair is gray.
Ruth. It's gradually got so.
Fred. Faithless woman, to deceive me! — I who trusted so!
Ruth. Master, master, do not leave me; hear me ere you go!

My love, without reflecting,
Oh do not be rejecting.
Take a maiden tender, her affection raw and green.
At very highest rating
Has been accumulating
Summers seventeen, summers seventeen.

Don't, beloved master,
Crush me with disaster!
What is such a dower to the dower I have here?
My love, unabating,
Has been accumulating
Forty-seven year, forty-seven year!

ENSEMBLE

RUTH

Don't, beloved master,
Crush me with disaster, etc.
What is such a dower to the dower I have here? etc.

FRED.

Yes, your former master
Saves you from disaster.
Your love would be uncomfortably fervid, it is clear,
If, as you are stating,
It's been accumulating
Forty-seven year, forty-seven year!

(*At the end he renounces her, and she goes off R. in despair.*)

RECIT.—FRED.

What shall I do? Before these gentle maidens I dare not show in this alarming costume. No, no, I must remain in close concealment until I can appear in decent clothing. (*Exit R.*)

(*Hides in cave as they enter from R. and L., climbing over the rocks at L. of the stage and through arched rock R.*)

Fred. Climbing over rocky mountain,
Skipping rivulet and fountain,
Passing where the willows quiver
By the ever-rolling river,
Swollen with the summer rain;
Threading long and leafy mazes,
Dotted with unnumbered daisies,
Scaling rough and rugged passes,
Climb the hardy little lasses,
Till the bright seashore they gain.

Edith. Let us gayly tread the measure,
Make the most of fleeting pleasure,
Hail it as a true ally,
Though it perish by and by.

All. Hail it as a true ally,

Edith. Though it perish by and by.
Every moment brings a treasure
Of its own especial pleasure:
Though the moments quickly die,
Greet them gayly as they fly. (*Dance.*)

Kate. Far away from toil and care,
Revelling in fresh sea-air,
Here we live and reign alone,
In a world that's all our own.
Here, in this our rocky den,
Far away from mortal men,
We'll be queens and make decrees:
They may honor them who please.

All. Let us gayly tread the measure, etc.

Kate. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are?

Edith. And I wonder where papa is? We have left im ever so far behind.

Isabel. Oh, he will be here presently. Remember, poor apa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather ifficult country.

Kate. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so en-rely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human eings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

Isabel. Except the mermaids; it's the very place for ermaids——

Kate. Who are only human beings down to the waist——

Edith. And who can't be said, strictly, to set *foot* any-here. Tails they may, but feet they *cannot.*

Kate. But what shall we do until papa and the servants rrive with the luncheon? (*All listen and come down.*)

Edith. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as ass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and addle?

All. Yes, yes—the very thing!

They prepare to carry out the suggestion. They have all aken off one shoe, when FREDERIC *comes forward from cave.*)

Fred. (*recitative*). Stop, ladies, pray!

All (*hopping on one foot*). A man!

Fred. I had intended
Not to intrude myself upon your notice
In this effective but alarming costume,
But under these peculiar circumstances it is my bounden duty to inform you
That your proceedings will not be unwitnessed.

Edith. But who are you, sir? Speak! (*All hopping.*)

Fred. I am a pirate!

All (*recoiling, hopping*). A pirate! Horror!

Fred. Ladies, do not shun me.
This evening I renounce my vile profession,
And to that end, O pure and peerless maidens,
O blushing buds of ever-blooming beauty,
I, sore of heart, implore your kind assistance.

Edith. How pitiful his tale!

Kate. How rare his beauty!

All. How pitiful his tale! how rare his beauty! (*Put on their shoes.*)

SONG—FREDERIC

Oh, is there not one maiden breast
  Which does not feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
  Subordinate to sense of duty?
Who would not give up willingly
  All matrimonial ambition
To rescue such an one as I
  From his unfortunate position? (*Crosses R.*)

All. Alas! there's not one maiden breast
  Which seems to feel the moral beauty
Of making worldly interest
  Subordinate to sense of duty.

Fred. Oh, is there not one maiden here
  Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hope to disappear
  Of ever winning man's affection?
To such an one, if such there be,
  I swear, by heaven's arch above you,

If you will cast your eyes on me,
However plain you be, I'll love you.
ll. Alas! there's not one maiden here
Whose homely face and bad complexion
Have caused all hope to disappear
Of ever winning man's affection.
Fred. (*in despair*). Not one?
All. No, no, not one.
Fred. Not one?
All. No, no!

(MABEL *enters through arch R. C.*)
Mabel. Yes, one!
All. 'Tis Mabel!
Mabel. Yes, 'tis Mabel!

RECIT.—MABEL
O sisters, deaf to pity's name?
For shame!
It's true that he has gone astray.
But, pray,
Is that a reason good and true
Why you
Should all be deaf to pity's name?
For shame!
ll (*aside*).
The question is, had he not been
A thing of beauty,
Would she be swayed by quite as keen
A sense of duty?

SOLO—MABEL
Poor wandering one,
Though thou hast surely strayed,
Take heart of grace;
Thy steps retrace;
Be not afraid.
Poor wandering one,
If such poor love as mine
Can help thee find

True peace of mind,
Why, take it—it is thine.

All. Take heart; no danger lowers;
Take any heart—but ours!

Mabel. Take heart; fair days will shine.
Take any heart—take mine!

(MABEL *and* FRED *exit L.*)

(MABEL *and* FRED *go to mouth of cave L., and converse.* KATE *beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.*)

Edith. What ought we to do,
Gentle sisters, say?
Propriety, we know,
Says we ought to stay,
While sympathy exclaims,
"Free them from your tether;
Play at other games;
Leave them here together."

Kate. Her case may any day
Be yours, my dear, or mine;
Let her make her hay
While the sun doth shine.
Let us compromise
(Our hearts are not of leather):
Let us shut our eyes
And talk about the weather.

(EDITH, KATE, *and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing each other, in a line across the stage.*)

(CHATTERING CHORUS, *during which* FRED *and* MABEL *fondle.*)

How beautifully blue the sky!
The glass is rising very high.
Continue fine I hope it may,
And yet it rained but yesterday:
To-morrow it may pour again
(I hear the country wants some rain)

Yet people say, I know not why,
That we shall have a warm July.

SOLO—MABEL

During this the girls continue their chatter pianissimo, *but listening eagerly all the time.*)

Did ever maiden wake
From dream of homely duty
To find her daylight break
With such exceeding beauty?
Did ever maiden close
Her eyes on wakening sadness,
To dream of, Goodness knows,
How much exceeding gladness?

dith. Ah yes, ah yes, this is exceeding gladness.

FREDERIC *and* MABEL *turn and see that the girls are listening; detected, they continue their chatter,* forte.)

irls. How beautifully blue the sky! etc., etc.

SOLO—FRED

During this the girls continue their chatter, pianissimo, *as before, but listening intently all the time.*)

Did ever pirate roll
His soul in guilty dreaming,
And wake to find that soul
With peace and virtue beaming?
Did ever pirate loathed
Forsake his hideous mission,
To find himself betrothed
To a lady of position?

Tabel. Ah yes, ah yes, I am a lady of position.

MABEL *and* FRED *turn as before. Girls resume their chatter,* forte.)

ENSEMBLE

MABEL	FRED	GIRLS
id ever maiden wake, etc.	Did ever pirate loathed, etc.	How beautifully blue the sky, etc.

REC.—FRED

Stay; we must not lose our senses
Men who stick at no offences
Will anon be here.
Piracy their dreadful trade is;
Pray you get you hence, young ladies,
While the coast is clear.

Girls. No, we must not lose our senses,
If they stick at no offences.
We should not be here.
Piracy their dreadful trade is—
Nice companions for young ladies!
Let us disappear.

(*During this chorus the* PIRATES *enter stealthily from R. U. E., and form in a semicircle behind the girls. As the girls move to go off each* PIRATE *seizes a girl.*)

All. Too late!
Pirates. Ha! ha!
All. Too late!
Ha! ha!
Pirates. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! ho!

ENSEMBLE

PIRATES

Now here's a first-rate opportunity
To get married with impunity,
And indulge in the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity.
You shall quickly be parsonified,
Conjugally matrimonified,
By a doctor of divinity
Who is located in this vicinity.

LADIES

We have missed our opportunity
Of escaping with impunity;
So farewell to the felicity
Of our maiden domesticity.
We shall quickly be parsonified,
Conjugally matrimonified,
By a doctor of divinity
Who is located in this vicinity.

MABEL (*coming forward*), RECIT.

Hold, monsters! ere your private caravanserai
Proceeds against our will to wed us all,
Just bear in mind that we are wards in chancery,
And father is a Major-General!

muel.

We'd better pause, or dangers may befall;
Their father is a Major-General.

ll the Ladies.

Yes, yes, he is a Major-General.

The Major-General has entered unnoticed on rock L. U. E.)

General. Yes, I am a Major-General!

All. You are! Hurrah for the Major-General!

General. And it is a glorious thing to be a Major-eneral!

All. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

SONG—MAJOR-GENERAL

am the very pattern of a modern major-general;
ve information vegetable, animal, and mineral;
know the kings of England, and I quote the fights historical
rom Marathon to Waterloo, in order categorical;
m very well acquainted, too, with matters mathematical;
understand equations, both the simple and quadratical;
bout binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot of news—
Bothered for next rhyme.) Lot o' news—lot o' news—
truck with an idea.) With many cheerful facts about
the square of the hypotenuse;
oyfully.) With many cheerful facts about the square of
the hypotenuse!

l.

ith many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse!

eneral.

m very good at integral and differential calculus;
know the scientific names of beings animalculous;
short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
am the very model of a modern major-gineral!

l.

short in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
e is the very model of a modern major-gineral!

General.
I know our mythic history, King Arthur's and Sir Caradoc's;
I answer hard acrostics; I've a pretty taste for paradox—
I quote in elegiacs all the crimes of Heliogabalus;
In conics I can floor peculiarities parabolous;
I can tell undoubted Raphaels from Gerard Dows and
Zoffanies;
I know the croaking chorus from the "*Frogs* of Aristo-
phanes";
Then I can hum a fugue of which I've heard the music's
din afore—
(*Bothered for next rhyme.*) Din afore? din afore? din
afore?—
(*Struck with an idea.*) And whistle all the airs from that
infernal nonsense, *Pinafore,*
(*Joyously.*) And whistle all the airs from that infernal
nonsense, *Pinafore.*
All.
And whistle all the airs from that infernal nonsense, *Pina-
fore.*
General.
Then I can write a washing-bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
And tell you every detail of Caractacus's uniform.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
I am the very model of a modern major-gineral!
All.
In short, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral
He is the very pattern of a modern major-gineral!
General.
In fact, when I know what is meant by "mamelon" and
"ravelin"—
When I can tell at sight a chassepot rifle from a javelin—
When such affairs as sorties and surprises I'm more wary at,
And when I know precisely what is meant by "commis-
sariat"—
When I have learnt what progress has been made in mod-
ern gunnery—
When I know more of tactics than a novice in a nunnery,—
In short, when I've a smattering of elemental strategy—

Bothered for the rhyme.) Strategy! strategy!—(*Struck with an idea.*)

Joyously.) You'll say a better major-general has never *sat* agee.

l. We'll say a better major-general has never *sat* agee.

eneral.

or my military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,

as only been brought down to the beginning of the century;

ut still, in matters vegetable, animal, and mineral

am the very model of a modern major-gineral!

l. But still, in learning vegetable, animal, and mineral

e is the very model of a modern major-gineral.

General. And now that I've introduced myself, I should e to have some idea of what's going on.

Kate. Oh, papa! we——

Samuel. Permit me; I'll explain it in two words: we ppose to marry your daughters.

General. Dear me!

Girls. Against our wills, papa—against our wills!

General. Oh, but you mustn't do that. May I ask—s is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it—at are you?

King. We are all single gentlemen.

General. Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?

King. No, nothing else.

Edith. Papa, don't believe them. They are pirates—e famous Pirates of Penzance!

General. The Pirates of Penzance! I have often heard them.

Mabel. Yes, all except this gentleman (*indicating* FREDIC), who was a pirate once, but who is out of his intures to-day.

General. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-law.

King. We object to major-generals as fathers-in-law. t we waive that point; we do not press it, we look over it.

General (*aside*). Hah! an idea! (*Aloud.*) And do u mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of ese the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave

me to go through the remainder of life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

King. Well, yes; that's the idea.

General. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

All the Pirates (*disgusted*). Oh, dash it all!

King. Here we are again!

General. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

King (*sighing*). Often.

General. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

King. I say, often.

All (*disgusted*). Often! often! often! (*Turning away.*)

General. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan? and you say "Orphan." As I understand you you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

King. I didn't repeat the word "often."

General. Pardon me; you did indeed.

King. I only repeated it once.

General. True, but you repeated it.

King. But not often.

General. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan" did you mean "orphan," a person who has lost his parents, or "often," frequently?

King. Oh, I beg your pardon! I see you mean frequently.

General. Ah, you said "often" frequently.

King. No, only once.

General. Exactly, you said "often, frequently," only once.

Finale

Recit.—General

Oh, men of dark and dismal fate,
Forego your cruel employ;
Have pity on my lonely state—
I am an orphan boy!

ng. An orphan boy?
neral. An orphan boy!
rates. How sad! an orphan boy!

SOLO—GENERAL

These children whom you see
Are all that I can call my own.
rates. Poor fellow!
neral. Take them away from me,
And I shall be indeed alone.
rates. Poor fellow!
neral. If pity you can feel,
Leave me my sole remaining joy.
See, at your feet they kneel;
Your hearts you cannot steel
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy.
rates (*sobbing*). Poor fellow!
See, at our feet they kneel;
Our hearts we cannot steel
Against the sad, sad tale of the lonely orphan boy.
ng. The orphan boy!
m. The orphan boy!
l. The lonely orphan boy! Poor fellow!

ENSEMBLE

GENERAL	GIRLS (*aside*)	PIRATES (*aside*)
m telling a terrible story, ut it doesn't diminish my glory; or they would have taken my daughters ver the billowy waters.	He's telling a terrible story, Which will tend to diminish his glory, Though they would have taken his daughters Over the billowy waters.	If he's telling a terrible story, He shall die by a death that is gory— Yes, one of the cruellest slaughters That ever were known in these waters;

GENERAL

If I hadn't in elegant diction
Indulged in an innocent fiction,
Which is not in the same category
As telling a regular, terrible story.

GIRLS (*aside*)

It's easy in elegant diction
To call it an innocent fiction,
But it comes in the same category
As telling a regular, terrible story.

PIRATES (*aside*)

And we'll finish his moral affliction
By a very complete malediction,
As a compliment valedictory,
If he's telling a regular, terrible story.

KING

Although our dark career
  Sometimes involves the crime of stealing,
We rather think that we're
  Not altogether void of feeling.
Although we live by strife,
  We're always sorry to begin it,
For what we ask is life
  Without a touch of poetry in it.

ALL (*kneeling*)

Hail, Poetry, thou heaven-born maid!
Thou gildest e'en the pirate's trade.
Hail, flowing fount of sentiment!
All hail, divine emollient!

KING

You may go, for you're at liberty; our pirate rules protect you,
And honorary members of our band we do elect you.
Samuel. For he is an orphan boy!

l. He is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!
neral .And it sometimes is a useful thing to be an orphan boy.
l. It is! Hurrah for the orphan boy!
Hurrah for the orphan—
abel, etc. Oh, happy day! with joyous glee
We will away and married be!
neral. Oh, happy day! with joyous glee
They will away and married be!
abel. Should it befall auspiciously,
My sisters all will bridesmaids be.
neral. Should it befall auspiciously,
Her sisters all will bridesmaids be.
l. Oh, happy day! etc.

RECIT.—RUTH

Oh, master, hear one word, I do implore you!
Remember Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels before you!
Pirates. Yes, yes, remember Ruth who kneels before you.
Fred. Away, you did deceive me!
Pirates. Away! you did deceive him.
Ruth. Oh, do not leave me!
Pirates. Oh, do not leave her!
Fred. Away! you grieve me!
Pirates. Away! you grieve him!
Fred. I wish you'd leave me!
Pirates. We wish you'd leave him!

ENSEMBLE

Pray observe the magnanimity
We / They } display to lace and dimity.
Never was such opportunity
To get married with impunity;
But { we / they } give up the felicity
Of unbounded domesticity,

Though a doctor of divinity
Is located in this vicinity.

(GIRLS *and* GENERAL *go up rocks L. Group while Pirate*
indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R. C
The GENERAL *produces a British flag, and the* PIRAT
KING (*in arched rock R. C.*) *produces a black fla*
with skull and crossbones. Picture.)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

ENE.—*A ruined chapel by moonlight. Aisles C., R., and L., divided by pillars and arches; ruined Gothic windows at back.* GENERAL STANLEY *discovered seated R. C. pensively surrounded by his daughters.*

CHORUS

Oh dry the glistening tear
  That dews that martial cheek;
Thy loving children hear,
  In them thy comfort seek.
With sympathetic care
  Their arms around thee creep,
For oh, they cannot bear
  To see their father weep.

(*Enter* MABEL *and* FRED.)

SOLO—MABEL

Dear father, why leave your bed
  At this untimely hour,
When happy daylight is dead
  And darksome dangers lower?
See, Heaven has lit her lamp,
  The midnight hour is past,
And the chilly night-air is damp,
  The dew is falling fast.

Dear father, why leave your bed
When happy daylight is dead?

(FRED *enters R. U. E. and down C.*)

Mabel. Oh, Frederic, cannot you reconcile it with yo conscience to say something that will relieve my fathe sorrow?

Fred. I will try, dear Mabel, but why does he sit, nig after night, in this draughty old ruin?

General. Why do I sit here? To escape from t pirates' clutches I described myself as an orphan, and I a no orphan. I came here to humble myself before the tom of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for the disgra I have brought upon them.

Fred. But you forget, sir. You only bought the pro erty a year ago, and the stucco on your baronial castle scarcely dry.

General. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors; you ca not deny that. I don't know whose ancestors they *wer* but I know whose ancestors they *are,* and I shudder to thi that their descendant by purchase (if I may so descri myself) should have brought disgrace upon what I ha no doubt was an unstained escutcheon.

Fred. Be comforted. Had you not acted as you di these reckless men would assuredly have called in the nea est clergyman, and have married your large family o the spot.

General. I thank you for your proffered solace, but is unavailing. At what time does your expedition mar against these scoundrels?

Fred. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to ha atoned for my involuntary association with these pestile scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth.- And then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

General. Are your devoted followers at hand?

Fred. They are; they only wait my orders.

Recit.—General. Then, Frederic, let your escort lio hearted be summoned to receive a general's blessing e they depart upon their dread adventure.

Fred. Dear sir, they come!

(Enter Police, marching in single file from L., 2d E., and form in line, facing audience.)

SONG—SERGEANT

When the foeman bares his steel—
All (using their clubs as trumpets). Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. We uncomfortable feel;
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. And we find the wisest thing—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Is to slap our chests and sing—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. For when threatened with *emeutes*—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. And your heart is in your boots—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. There is nothing brings it round—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Like the trumpet's martial sound—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra! etc.
All. Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

MABEL (*from L., addressing* SERGEANT)

Go, ye heroes, go to glory!
Though you die in combat gory,
Ye shall live in song and story—
Go to immortality!
Go to death and go to slaughter;
Die, and every Cornish daughter
With her tears your graves shall water.
Go, ye heroes, go and die!
All. Go, ye heroes, go and die!
Sergeant. Though to us it's evident—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. These attentions are well meant—
All. Tarantara!

Sergeant. Such expressions don't appear—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Calculated men to cheer—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Who are going to meet their fate—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. In a highly nervous state—
All. Tarantara!
Sergeant. Still, to us it's evident—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. These attentions are well meant—
All. Tarantara!
All. Yes, to them it's evident, etc., etc.

EDITH (*from R., addressing* SERGEANT)

Go, and do your best endeavor.
And before all links we sever
We will say farewell for ever—
Go to glory and the grave!
For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless;
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave.
All. Yes, your foes are fierce and ruthless, etc.

CHORUS OF POLICE

We observe too great a stress—
Tarantara! tarantara!
On the risks that on us press—
Tarantara!
And of reference a lack—
Tarantara! tarantara!
To our chance of coming back—
Tarantara!
Sergeant. Still, perhaps it would be wise—
Police. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. Not to harp or criticise—
All. Tarantara!

Sergeant. For it's very evident—
All. Tarantara! tarantara!
Sergeant. These attentions are well meant—
All. Tarantara!
All. Yes, to us it's evident
These attentions are well meant –
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra! etc., etc.
Go, ye heroes, go to glory! etc., etc.
General. Away; away!
Police. (*Without moving.*) Yes, yes, we go!
General. These pirates slay.
Police. Yes, yes, we go.
General. Then do not stay.
Police. We go, we go.
General. Then why all this delay?
Police. All right! We go, we go!
Yes, forward on the foe!
Ho! ho! ho! ho!
We go, we go, we go!
Tarantara-ra-ra-ra!
General. Then forward on the foe!
All. Yes! forward!
Police. Yes! forward!
General. Yes! but you *don't* go!
Police. We go, we go, we go!
All. At last they really go! Tarantara-ra-ra!

ENSEMBLE

HORUS OF ALL BUT POLICE
o, and do your best en-
deavor,
nd before all links we
sever
'e will say farewell for
ever;
Go to glory and the grave!

CHORUS OF POLICE
Such expressions don't ap-
pear—
Tarantara! tarantara!
Calculated men to cheer—
Tarantara!

CHORUS OF ALL BUT POLICE

For your foes are fierce and ruthless,
False, unmerciful, and truthless!
Young and tender, old and toothless,
All in vain their mercy crave, etc.

CHORUS OF POLICE

Who are going to their fate—
Tarantara! tarantara!
In a highly nervous state—
Tarantara!
We observe too great stress—
Tarantara! tarantara!
On the risks that on press—
Tarantara!
And of reference a lack—
Tarantara! tarantara!
To our chance of comin back—
Tarantara!

(MABEL *tears herself from* FRED, *and exits R., followed b her sisters, consoling her. The* GENERAL *and othe follow the Police off L.* FREDERIC *remains alone.*)

RECIT.—FRED

Now for the pirate's lair! Oh joy unbounded!
Oh sweet relief! oh rapture unexampled!
At last I may atone, in some slight measure,
For the repeated acts of theft and pillage
Of which, at a sense of duty's stern dictation,
I, circumstances' victim, have been guilty.

(*The* PIRATE KING *and* RUTH *appear at the window C. armed.*)

King. Young Frederic! (*Covering him with pistol.*)
Fred. Who calls?
King. Your late commander. (*Coming down.*)
Ruth. And I, your little Ruth! (*Covering him wit pistol.*)
Fred. Oh, mad intruders!
How dare ye face me? Know ye not, rash ones,
That I have doomed you to extermination?

(KING *and* RUTH *hold a pistol to each ear.*)

King. Have mercy on us! Hear us ere you slaughter!
Fred. I do not think I ought to listen to you.
Yes, mercy should allay our stern resentment,
And so I will be merciful. Say on.

TRIO—RUTH, KING, *and* FRED

When first you left our pirate fold
We tried to cheer our spirits faint,
According to our customs old,
With quips and quibbles quaint;
But all in vain the quips we heard;
We lay and sobbed upon the rocks.
Until to somebody occurred
A startling paradox.
Fred. A paradox?
King and Ruth (*laughing*). A paradox—
A most ingenious paradox.
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks
But none to beat this paradox.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
King. We knew your taste for curious quips,
For cranks and contradictions queer,
And with the laughter on our lips
We wished you there to hear.
We said, "If we could tell it him,
How Frederic would the joke enjoy!"
And so we've risked both life and limb
To tell it to our boy.
Fred (*interested*). That paradox.
King and Ruth (*laughing*). That paradox,
That most ingenious paradox.
We've quips and quibbles heard in flocks,
But none to beat that paradox!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

CHANT—KING

r some ridiculous reason—to which, however, I've no desire to be disloyal—

Some person in authority—I don't know who; very likely
the Astronomer-Royal—
Has decided that although for such a beastly month as
February twenty-eight days as a general rule are
plenty,
One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine-
and-twenty.
Through some singular coincidence—I shouldn't be sur-
prised if it were owing to the agency of an ill-
natured fairy—
You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having
been born in leap-year on the twenty-ninth of Feb-
ruary;
And so, by a simple arithmetical process, you'll easily dis-
cover,
That though you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go
by birthdays, you are only five and a little bit over!

Ruth and King. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

Fred. Dear me! Let's see: (*Counting on fingers.*)
Yes, yes,—with yours my figures do agree.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!

(FREDERIC *more amused than any.*)

How quaint the ways of Paradox
At common sense she gayly mocks.
Though, counting in the usual way,
Years twenty-one I've been alive,
Yet, reckoning by my natal-day,
I am a little boy of five!

All. He is a little boy of five, **ha! ha!**
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

King. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ruth. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Fred. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!
That paradox, etc.

(*All throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughing.*)

Fred. Upon my word, this is most curious,
Most absurdly whimsical. Five and a quarter!
No one would think it to look at me.

Ruth. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared
. You would never have forgiven yourself when you
scovered that you had killed two of your comrades.

Fred. My comrades?

King. I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of
ur position. You were apprenticed to us——

Fred. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

King. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday
roducing document), and, going by birthdays, you are
yet only five and a quarter.

Fred. You don't mean to say you are going to hold
to that?

King. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave
rest to your sense of duty.

Fred (*wildly*). Don't put it on that footing. As I
s merciful to you just now, be merciful to me. I im-
ore you not to insist on the letter of your bond just as
cup of happiness is at my lips.

Ruth. We insist on nothing. We content ourselves with
inting out to you your duty.

Fred. Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and
duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling,
shudder at the thought that I have ever been mixed up
th it, but duty is before all. At any cost, I will do my
ty.

King. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once
re.

Fred. Lead on, I follow! (*Suddenly.*) Oh, horror!

King and Ruth. What is the matter?

Fred. Ought I to tell you? No! no! I cannot do it;
d yet, as one of your band——

King. Speak out, I charge you, by that sense of con-
entiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

Fred. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel——

King and Ruth. Yes! yes!

Fred. He escaped from you on the plea that he was
orphan?

King. He did.

Fred. It breaks my heart to betray the honored fathe of the girl I adore, but as your apprentice I have no alter native. It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley i no orphan.

King and Ruth. What?

Fred. More than that, he never was one!

King. Am I to understand that to save his contemptible life he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? (FRED *nods as he weeps.*) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible We will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle this very night.

Fred. But——

King. Not a word! he is doomed!

TRIO

KING *and* RUTH	FRED
Away! away! my heart's on fire;	Away! away! ere I expire.
I burn, this base deception to repay;	I find my duty hard to do to-day.
This very day my vengeance dire	My heart is filled with anguish dire;
Shall glut itself in gore.	It strikes me to the core.
Away! away!	Away! away!

King. With falsehood foul
He tricked us of our brides;
Let vengeance howl—
The pirate so decides!
Our nature stern
He softened with his lies,
And in return
To-night the traitor dies.

All. Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!

Ruth. To-night he dies.

King. Yes, or early to-morrow.

Fred. His girls likewise?

Ruth. They will welter in sorrow!

King. The one soft spot—

Fred. In their natures they cherish;
Ruth. And all who plot—
King. To abuse it, shall perish.
All. Yes, all who plot
To abuse it, shall perish!
Away! away! etc.

(*Exeunt* KING *and* RUTH. FRED *throws himself on a stone L. C. in blank despair. Enter* MABEL.)

RECIT.—MABEL

All is prepared; your gallant crew await you.
My Frederic in tears? It cannot be
That lion heart quails at the coming conflict?
Fred. No, Mabel, no. A terrible disclosure
Has just been made.
Mabel, my dearly-loved one,
I bound myself to serve the pirate captain
Until I reached my one-and-twentieth birthday
Mabel. But you *are* twenty-one?
Fred. I've just discovered
That I was born in leap-year, and that birthday
Will not be reached by me till 1940.
Mabel. Oh horrible! catastrophe appalling!
Fred. And so farewell!
Mabel. No, no! Oh, Frederic, hear me!

DUET—MABEL *and* FRED.

Mabel. Stay, Frederic, stay!
They have no legal claim.
No shadow of a shame
Will fall upon thy name.
Stay, Frederic, stay!
Fred. Nay, Mabel, nay!
To-night I quit these walls.
The thought my soul appalls,
But when stern duty calls
I must obey!
Mabel. Stay, Frederic, stay!
Fred. Nay, Mabel, nay!
Mabel. They have no claim.

Fred. But duty's name!
The thought my soul appalls,
But when stern duty calls
I must obey!

BALLAD—MABEL

Oh leave me not to pine
Alone and desolate!
No fate seemed fair as mine—
No happiness so great—
And Nature day by day
Has sung in accents clear
This joyous roundelay,
"He loves thee—he is here!
Fa la! fa la! fa la!
He loves thee—he is here!"

Fred. Oh I must leave thee here,
In endless night to dream,
Where joy is dark and drear
And sorrow all supreme—
Where nature day by day
Will sing in altered tone
This weary roundelay,
"He loves thee—he is gone!
Fa la! fa la! fa la!
He loves thee—he is gone!"
In 1940 I of age shall be:
I'll then return and claim you, I declare it!

Mabel. It seems so long!

Fred. Swear that till then you will be true to me.

Mabel (*aside*). Yes, I'll be strong.
(*Aloud.*) By all the Stanleys dead and gone I swear it!

ENSEMBLE

Oh here is love, and here is truth,
And here is food for joyous laughter:
He / She } will be faithful to { his / her } sooth
Till we are wed, and ever after.

Fred. Farewell! Adieu!
Mabel. The same to you!
Both. Farewell! Adieu!

(FRED *rushes to window and leaps out.*)

RECIT.—MABEL

Feeling pulse.) Yes, I am brave! O family descent!
How great thy charm! thy sway how excellent!
Come one and all, undaunted men in blue,
A crisis now affairs are coming to.

(*Enter Police from R. I. E., marching in single file.*)

Sergeant. Though in body and in mind, tarantara! tarantara!
We are timidly inclined, tarantara!
And anything but blind, tarantara! tarantara!
To the danger that's behind, tarantara!
Yet, when the danger's near, tarantara! tarantara!
We manage to appear, tarantara!
As insensible to fear,
As anybody here, tarantara!
Tarantara! tarantara-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra!

Mabel. Sergeant, approach. Young Frederic was to e led you to death and glory.

All. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

Mabel. No matter. He will not so lead you, for he allied himself once more with his old associates.

All. He has acted shamefully!

Mabel. You speak falsely; you know nothing about it. has acted nobly!

All. He has acted nobly!

Mabel. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacri- to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; if it was *his* duty to constitute himself my foe, it is wise *my* duty to regard him in that light. He has done duty; I will do mine. Go ye and do yours. (*Exit* BEL *R. I. E.*)

All. Very well.

Sergeant. This is perplexing.

All. We cannot understand it at all.

Sergeant. Still, if he is actuated by a sense of duty——

All. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time, we repeat we cannot understand it.

Sergeant. No matter. Our course is clear; we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to us all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

All. We should.

Sergeant. It is too late now.

All. It is.

SONG—SERGEANT

When a felon's not engaged in his employ-
ment—
All. His employment,
Sergeant. Or maturing his felonious little plans—
All. Little plans,
Sergeant. His capacity for innocent enjoyment—
All. -Cent enjoyment
Sergeant. Is just as great as any honest man's—
All. Honest man's.
Sergeant. Our feelings we with difficulty smother—
All. -Culty smother,
Sergeant. When constabulary duty's to be done—

All. To be done.
Sergeant. Ah, take one consideration with another—
All. With another.
Sergeant. A policeman's lot is not a happy one—
All. Happy one.
When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done—
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one!
Sergeant. When the enterprising burglar's not a-burgling—
All. Not a-burgling,
Sergeant. When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime—
All. -Pied in crime,
Sergeant. He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling—
All. Brook a-gurgling,
Sergeant. And listen to the merry village chime—
All. Village chime.
Sergeant. When the coster's finished jumping on his mother—
All. On his mother,
Sergeant. He loves to lie a-basking in the sun—
All. In the sun.
Sergeant. Ah, take one consideration with another—
All. With another,
Sergeant. The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
All Happy one!
When constabulary duty's to be done—
To be done,
The policeman's lot is not a happy one—
Happy one!

CHORUS OF PIRATES OUTSIDE, IN THE DISTANCE
A rollicking band of pirates we,
Who, tired of tossing on the sea,
Are trying their hand at a burglaree
With weapons grim and gory!
Sergeant. Hush! hush! I hear them on the manor poaching!
With stealthy step the pirates are approaching.

CHORUS OF PIRATES RESUMED NEARER

We are not coming for plate or gold—
A story General Stanley told—
We seek a penalty fifty-fold
For General Stanley's story.

Police. They seek a penalty.

Pirates (*without*). Fifty-fold!
We seek a penalty fifty-fold!

All. We } seek a penalty fifty-fold
They } for General Stanley's story.

Police. They come in force,
With stealthy stride;
Our obvious course
Is now to hide.

(*Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so the Pirates, with* RUTH *and* FREDERIC, *are seen appearing at ruined window S. They enter cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe. The* KING *is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc., etc.*)

CHORUS—PIRATES

(*Very loud.*)
With cat-like tread
Upon our prey we steal—
In silence dread
Our cautious way we feel.

Police (*pianissimo.*) Tarantara! Tarantara!

Pirates. No sound at all:
We never speak a word;
A fly's footfall
Would be distinctly heard.

Police. Tarantara! tarantara!

Pirates. Ha! ha!
Ho! ho!
So stealthily the pirate creeps
While all the household soundly sleeps.
Gurr! gurr!

Gurr! gurr! (*Imitating snoring.*)
Ha! ha! Ho! ho!

olice (*pianissimo.*) Tarantara! Tarantara!
(*forte.*) Tarantara!

rates. Come friends, who plough the sea,
Truce to navigation;
Take another station;
Let us vary piracy
With a little burglary!

muel. Here's your crowbar
And your centre-bit;
Your life-preserver—
You may want to hit!
Your silent matches,
Your dark-lantern seize;
Take your file and your skeleton keys!

rates. With catlike tread, etc.

lice. Tarantara, tarantara, etc.

RECIT.—FRED.

Hush! not a word! I see a light inside.
(*Looks through keyhole L.*)
The major-general comes, so quickly hide.

Major-General (*without*). Yes, yes, the major-general mes.

Pirates. He comes!

Major-General (*entering in dressing-gown, carrying ht*). Yes, yes, I come!

Police. He comes!

Major-General. Yes, yes, I come.

All. The major-general comes!

SOLO—GENERAL

Tormented with the anguish dread
Of falsehood unatoned,
I lay upon my sleepless bed,
And tossed and turned and groaned.
The man who finds his conscience ache
No peace at all enjoys;
And as I lay in bed awake
I thought I heard a noise.

Pirates. He thought he heard a noise!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Police. He thought he heard a noise!
Tarantara-ra-ra!
General. No, all is still
In dale, on hill;
My mind is set at ease.
So still the scene
It might have been
The sighing of the breeze.

BALLAD—GENERAL

Sighing softly to the river
Comes the lonely breeze,
Setting Nature all a-quiver,
Rustling through the trees,
All. Through the trees.
General. And the brook in rippling measure
Laughs for very love,
While the poplars in their pleasure
Wave their arms above.
Police and Pirates.
Yes, the trees for very love
Wave their leafy arms above.
River, river, little river!
May thy loving prosper ever!
Heaven speed the poplar tree!
May thy wooing happy be!
General. Yes, the breeze is but a rover!
When he wings away,
Brook and poplar mourn a lover,
Sighing "Well-a-day!"
All. Well-a-day!
General. Ah, the doing and undoing
That the rogue could tell!
When the breeze is out a-wooing,
Who can woo so well?

olice and Pirates.
Shocking tales the rogue could tell,
Nobody can woo so well!
Pretty brook, thy dream is over,
For thy love is but a rover.
Sad the lot of poplar trees
Courted by a fickle breeze!

Enter the GENERAL'S *daughters, led by* MABEL, *all in white peignoirs and nightcaps, and carrying candles.*)

Girls. Now, what is this? and what is that? and why does father leave his rest
t such a time of night as this, so very incompletely dressed?
ear father is, and always was, the most methodical of men;
's his invariable rule to go to bed at half-past ten.
Vhat strange occurrence can it be that calls dear father from his rest
t such a time of night as this, so very, so very incompletely dressed?
King (*springing up*). Forward, my men, and seize that eneral there! His life is over.
General. The pirates! Oh, despair!
Mabel and Girls. The pirates! the pirates! Oh, despair!
Pirates. Yes, yes, we are the pirates, so despair!
General. Frederic here? Oh joy! oh rapture!— Summon your men and effect their capture.
Mabel. Frederic, save us!
Fred. Beautiful Mabel,
I would if I could, but I am not able.
Pirates. He's telling the truth; he is not able.
(*They seize the* GENERAL.)

King. With base deceit
You worked upon our feelings;
Revenge is sweet,
And flavors all our dealings.

With courage rare,
And resolution manly,
For death prepare,
Unhappy General Stanley!

Fred (*coming forward*). Alas! alas! unhappy General Stanley!

Police (*pianissimo*). Tarantara! tarantara!

(*They bind the* GENERAL *to broken pillar C.*)

Mabel (*wildly*). Is he to die, unshriven and unannealed?

Girls. Oh, spare him!

Mabel. Will no one in his cause a weapon wield?

Girls. Oh, spare him!

Police (*springing up*). Yes, we are here, though hitherto concealed.

Girls. Oh, rapture!

Police. So to our powers, pirates, quickly yield!

Girls. Oh, rapture!

(*A struggle ensues between* PIRATES *and* POLICE, RUTH *tackling* SERGEANT. *Eventually the* POLICE *are overcome and fall prostrate, the* PIRATES *standing over them with drawn swords.*)

PIRATES

We triumph now, for well we trow
Your mortal career's cut short;
No pirate band will take its stand
At the Central Criminal Court.

POLICE

You triumph now, for well we trow
Our mortal career's cut short;
No pirate band will take its stand
At the Central Criminal Court.

General.

To gain a brief advantage you've contrived,
But your proud triumph will not be long-lived!

King. Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game.

Sergeant.

On your allegiance we've a stronger claim:
We charge you yield, in Queen Victoria's name!

King (*baffled*). You do?
Police. We do! We charge you yield in Queen Victoria's ame!

(PIRATES *kneel;* POLICE *stand over them triumphantly.*)

King.
We yield at once with humbled mien,
Because, with all our faults, we love our queen.
Police.
Yes, yes, with all their faults they love their queen.
(POLICE, *holding* PIRATES *by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.*)
General. Away with them, and place them at the bar!
Ruth. One moment; let me tell you who they are.
They are no members of the common throng;
They are all noblemen who have gone wrong.
General, Police, and Girls. What! *All* noblemen?
King and Pirates. Yes, *all* noblemen!
General, Police, and Girls. What! All?
King. Well, nearly all.
General. No Englishman unmoved that statement hears,
Because, with all our faults, we love our House of Peers!
(*All kneel.*)

RECIT.—GENERAL
I pray you pardon me, ex-pirate king;
Peers will be peers, and youth will have its fling.
Resume your ranks and legislative duties,
And take my daughters, all of whom are beauties.

(*All rise. Each* PIRATE *takes a Girl.*)

FINALE

Ruth. At length we are provided, with unusual facility,
To change piratic crime for dignified respectability.
King. Combined, I needn't say, with the unparalleled felicity
Of what we have been longing for—unbounded domesticity.

Mabel. To-morrow morning early we will quickly be parsonified—
Hymeneally coupled, conjugally matrimonified.
Sergeant. And this shall be accomplished by that doctor of divinity
Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
Chorus. Who happily resides in the immediate vicinity.
General. My military knowledge, though I'm plucky and adventury,
Has only been brought down to the beginning of the century;
But still, in getting off my daughters—eight or nine or ten in all—
I've shown myself the model of a modern major-general,
All. His military knowledge, etc.

(*Dance.*)

CURTAIN

IOLANTHE

or, The Peer and the Peri

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

STREPHON
THE EARL OF MOUNT ARARAT
THE EARL OF TOLLOLLER
PRIVATE WILLIS
THE TRAIN-BEARER
and
THE LORD CHANCELLOR
CHORUS OF PEERS
IOLANTHE
THE FAIRY QUEEN
CELIA
LEILA
FLETA
PHYLLIS
CHORUS OF FAIRIES

ACT I—*An Arcadian Landscape*
ACT II—*The Palace Yard, Westminster, at Night*

ACT I

CENE.—*An Arcadian Landscape. A river runs across the back of the stage.*

Enter Fairies, led by LELIA, CELIA, FLETA. *They trip across the stage, singing as they dance.*)

CHORUS

Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must dance and we must sing
Round about our fairy ring.

SOLO—CELIA

We are dainty little fairies,
  Ever singing, ever dancing;
We indulge in our vagaries
  In a fashion most entrancing.
If you ask the special function
  Of our never-ceasing motion,
We reply, without compunction,
  That we haven't any notion.
No, we haven't any notion.
  Tripping hither, etc.

SOLO—LEILA

If you ask us how we live,
Lovers all essentials give:
We can ride on lovers' sighs,
Warm ourselves in lovers' eyes,
Bathe ourselves in lovers' tears,
Clothe ourselves in lovers' fears,
Arm ourselves with lovers' darts,
Hide ourselves in lovers' hearts.
When you know us, you'll discover
That we almost live on lover.

Cho. Tripping hither, etc.

(*At the end of the chorus all sigh wearily.*)

Celia. Ah, it's all very well, but since our queen banished Iolanthe, fairy revels have not been what they were.

Lelia. Iolanthe was the life and soul of Fairyland. Why, she wrote all our songs and arranged all our dances! We sing her songs and we trip her measures, but we don't enjoy ourselves.

Fleta. To think that five-and-twenty years have elapsed since she was banished! What could she have done to have deserved so terrible a punishment?

Lelia. Something awful: she married a mortal.

Fleta. Oh! Is it injudicious to marry a mortal?

Leila. Injudicious? It strikes at the root of the whole fairy system. By our laws the fairy who marries a mortal dies.

Celia. But Iolanthe didn't die.

(*Enter* QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.)

Queen. No, because your queen, who loved her with a surpassing love, commuted her sentence to penal servitude for life, on condition that she left her husband without a word of explanation and never communicated with him again.

Lelia. And that sentence of penal servitude she is now working out at the bottom of that stream?

Queen. Yes. But when I banished her I gave her all the easant places of the earth to dwell in. I'm sure I never tended that she should go and live at the bottom of that ream. It makes me perfectly wretched to think of the dis-mfort she must have undergone.

Lelia. To think of the damp! And her chest was always licate.

Queen. And the frogs! ugh! I never shall enjoy any ace of mind until I know why Iolanthe went to live among e frogs.

Fleta. Then why not summon her and ask her?

Queen. Why? Because if I set eyes on her I should for-ve her at once.

Celia. Then why not forgive her? Twenty-five years! 's a long time.

Leila. Think how we loved her!

Queen. Loved her? What was your love to mine? Why, e was invaluable to me! Who taught me to curl myself side a buttercup? Iolanthe!—Who taught me to swing oon a cobweb? Iolanthe!—who taught me to dive into a ewdrop, to nestle in a nutshell, to gambol upon gossamer? lanthe!

Lelia. She certainly did surprising things.

Fleta. Oh, give her back to us, great queen—for your ke, if not for ours. (*All kneel in supplication.*)

Queen (*irresolute*). Oh, I should be strong, but I am eak; I should be marble, but I am clay. Her punishment s been heavier than I intended. I did not mean that she ould live among the frogs. And—— Well! well! it all be as you wish.

INVOCATION

ueen. Iolanthe!

l. From thy dark exile thou art summoned;
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Iolanthe!
Come to our call,
Iolanthe!

(IOLANTHE *rises from the water. She is clad in tattered and sombre garments. She approaches the* QUEEN *with head bent and arms crossed.*)

Io. With humble breast,
And every hope laid low,
To thy behest,
Offended queen, I bow.

Queen. For a dark sin against our fairy laws
We sent thee into lifelong banishment;
But Mercy holds her sway within our hearts:
Rise, thou art pardoned!

Io. Pardoned?

All. Pardoned!

Io. Ah!

(*Her rags fall from her, and she appears clothed as a fairy. The* QUEEN *places a diamond coronet on her head and embraces her. The others also embrace her.*)

Cho. Welcome to our hearts again,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
We have shared thy bitter pain,
Iolanthe! Iolanthe!
Every heart and every hand
In our loving little band
Welcomes thee to Fairyland,
Iolanthe!

Queen. And now tell me: with all the world to choose from, why on earth did you decide to live at the bottom of that stream?

Io. To be near my son, Strephon.

Queen. Your son! Bless my heart! I didn't know you had a son.

Io. He was born soon after I left my husband by your royal command, but he doesn't even know of his father's existence.

Fleta. How old is he?

Io. Twenty-four.

Lelia. Twenty-four! No one to look at you would think
u had a son of twenty-four? But of course that's one of
e advantages of being immortal—we never grow old. Is
pretty?
Io. He's extremely pretty, but he's inclined to be stout.
All (*disappointed*). Oh!
Queen. I see no objection to stoutness in moderation.
Celia. And what is he?
Io. He's an Arcadian shepherd, and he loves Phyllis, a
rd in Chancery.
Celia. A mere shepherd, and he half a fairy!
Io. He's a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are
rtal.
Celia. Dear me!
Queen. I have no reason to suppose that I am more
rious than other people, but I confess I should like to see
person who is a fairy down to the waist, but whose legs
e mortal.
Io. Nothing easier, for here he comes.

(*Enter* STREPHON, *singing and dancing, and playing on a flageolet. He does not see the Fairies, who retire up stage as he enters.*)

SONG—STREPHON

Good-morrow, good mother;
Good mother, good-morrow!
By some means or other
Pray banish your sorrow!
With joy beyond telling
My bosom is swelling,
So join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure,
For I'm to be married to-day, to-day—
Yes, I'm to be married to-day.
Io. Yes, he's to be married today, today—
Yes, he's to be married to-day.

Io. Then the Lord Chancellor has at last given his con-
nt to your marriage with his beautiful ward, Phyllis?

Streph. Not he, indeed! To all my tearful prayers he answers me, "A shepherd lad is no fit helpmate for a ward of Chancery." I stood in court, and there I sang him songs of Arcadee, with flageolet accompaniment, in vain. At first he seemed amused, so did the Bar, but, quickly wearying of my song and pipe, he bade me get out. A servile usher then, in crumpled bands and rusty bombazine, led me, still singing, into Chancery Lane! I'll go no more; I'll marry her to-day, and brave the upshot, be what it may!—(*Sees Fairies.*) But who are these?

Io. Oh, Strephon, rejoice with me; my queen has pardoned me!

Streph. Pardoned you, mother? This is good news, indeed!

Io. And these ladies are my beloved sisters.

Streph. Your sisters? Then they are my aunts (*kneels*)

Queen. A pleasant piece of news for your bride on her wedding-day!

Streph. Hush! My bride knows nothing of my fairyhood. I dare not tell her, lest it frighten her. She thinks me mortal, and prefers me so.

Lelia. Your fairyhood doesn't seem to have done you much good.

Streph. Much good? It's the curse of my existence! What's the use of being half a fairy? My body can creep through a keyhole, but what's the good of that when my legs are left kicking behind? I can make myself invisible down to the waist, but that's of no use when my legs remain exposed to view. My brain is a fairy brain, but from the waist downward I'm a gibbering idiot. My upper half is immortal, but my lower half grows older every day, and some day or other must die of old age. What's to become of my upper half when I've buried my lower half, I really don't know.

Queen. I see your difficulty, but with a fairy brain you should seek an intellectual sphere of action. Let me see. I've a borough or two at my disposal; would you like to go into Parliament?

Io. A fairy member! That would be delightful.

Streph. I'm afraid I should do no good there. You see

wn to the waist I'm a Tory of the most determined descrip-
n, but my legs are a couple of confounded Radicals, and
a division they'd be sure to take me into the wrong lobby.
u see, they're two to one, which is a strong working ma-
ity.

Queen. Don't let that distress you; you shall be returned
a Liberal-Conservative, and your legs shall be our peculiar
e.

Streph. (*bowing*). I see Your Majesty does not do things
halves.

Queen. No; we are fairies down to the feet.

ENSEMBLE

een. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
ries. Fare thee well, attractive stranger.
een. Shouldst thou be in doubt or danger,
Peril or perplexitee,
Call us, and we'll come to thee—
ries. Call us, and we'll come to thee.
Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither,
We must now be taking wing
To another fairy ring.

airies and QUEEN *trip off,* IOLANTHE, *who takes an affectionate farewell of her son, going off last.*)

nter PHYLLIS, *singing and dancing, and accompanying herself on a flageolet.*)

SONG—PHYLLIS

Good-morrow, good lover;
Good lover, good-morrow!
I prithee discover,
Steal, purchase, or borrow,
Some means of concealing
The care you are feeling,

And join in a measure
Expressive of pleasure;
For we're to be married to-day, to-day—
For we're to be married to-day.

Both. Yes, we're to be married, etc.

Streph. My Phyllis! And to-day we're to be made happy forever!

Phyl. Well, we're to be married.

Streph. It's the same thing.

Phyl. Well, I suppose it is. But oh, Strephon, I tremble at the step we're taking. I believe it's penal servitude for life to marry a ward of court without the Lord Chancellor's consent. I shall be of age in two years. Don't you think you could wait two years?

Streph. Two years! You can't have seen yourself. Here look at that (*offering mirror*), and tell me if you think it's reasonable to expect me to wait two years?

Phyl. No; you're quite right; it's asking too much—one must be reasonable.

Streph. Besides, who knows what will happen in two years? Why, you might fall in love with the Lord Chancellor himself by that time.

Phyl. Yes, he's a clever old gentleman.

Streph. As it is, half the House of Lords are sighing at your feet.

Phyl. The House of Lords is certainly extremely attentive.

Streph. Attentive? I should think they were! Why did five-and-twenty Liberal peers come down to shoot over your grass-plot last autumn? It couldn't have been the sparrows. Why did five-and-twenty Conservative peers come down to fish in your pond? Don't tell me it was the goldfish. No, no. Delays are dangerous, and if we are to marry, the sooner the better.

DUET—PHYLLIS *and* STREPHON

Phyl. None shall part us from each other;
One in love and life are we—
All in all to one another,
I to thee and thou to me.

PHYLLIS
ou the tree, and I the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;
ou the day, and I the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;
ou the stream, and I the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;
ou the ocean, I the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.

STREPHON
I the tree, and thou the flower;
I the idol, thou the throng;
I the day, and thou the hour;
I the singer, thou the song;
I the stream, and thou the willow;
I the sculptor, thou the clay;
I the ocean, thou the billow;
I the sunrise, thou the day.

l. Ever thine since that fond meeting,
When in joy I woke to find
Thine the heart within me beating—
Mine the love that heart enshrined.

PHYLLIS
ou the tree, and I the flower;
Thou the idol, I the throng;
ou the day, and I the hour;
Thou the singer, I the song;
ou the stream, and I the willow;
Thou the sculptor, I the clay;
ou the ocean, I the billow;
Thou the sunrise, I the day.

STREPHON
I the tree, and thou the flower;
I the idol, thou the throng;
I the day, and thou the hour;
I the singer, thou the song;
I the stream, and thou the willow;
I the sculptor, thou the clay;
I the ocean, thou the billow;
I the sunrise, thou the day.

(*Exeunt* STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS.)

(*March. Enter procession of Peers, headed by the* EARL O
MOUNT ARARAT *and* EARL OF TOLLOLLER.)

CHORUS

Loudly let the trumpet bray—
Tantantara!
Gayly bang the sounding brasses—
Tzing!
As upon its lordly way
This unique procession passes!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
Bow, ye lower, middle classes!
Bow, ye tradesmen! bow, ye masses!
Blow the trumpets, bang the brasses!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!
We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!

(*Enter the* LORD CHANCELLOR, *followed by his train-bearer.*

SONG—LORD CHANCELLOR

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent:
It has no kind of fault or flaw;
And I, my lords, embody the law.
The constitutional guardian I
Of pretty young wards in Chancery.
All are agreeable girls, and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.
A pleasant occupation for
A rather susceptible Chancellor!
All. A pleasant, etc.

But, though the compliment implied
Inflates me with legitimate pride,
It nevertheless can't be denied
That it has its inconvenient side;
For I'm not so old and not so plain,
And I'm quite prepared to marry again;

But there'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords
If I fell in love with one of my wards;
Which rather tries my temper, for
I'm such a susceptible Chancellor!
Which rather, etc.

And every one who'd marry a ward
Must come to me for my accord;
And in my court I sit all day,
Giving agreeable girls away—
With one for him, and one for he,
And one for you, and one for ye,
And one for thou, and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A highly susceptible Chancellor!
Which is, etc.

(*Enter* LORD TOLLOLLER.)

Ld. Toll. And now, my lord, suppose we proceed to t
business of the day?

Ld. Chan. By all means. Phyllis, who is a ward
court, has so powerfully affected your lordships that y
have appealed to me in a body to give her to whichever o
of you she may think proper to select; and a noble lo
has gone to her cottage to request her immediate atten
ance. It would be idle to deny that I, myself, have t
misfortune to be singularly attracted by this young perso
My regard for her is rapidly undermining my constitutio
Three months ago I was a stout man. I need say no mo
If I could reconcile it with my duty, I should unhesitatin
award her to myself, for I can conscientiously say that
know no man who is so well fitted to render her exceptio
ally happy. But such an award would be open to misco
struction, and therefore, at whatever personal inconvenien
I waive my claim.

Ld. Toll. My lord, I desire, on the part of this Hous
to express its sincere sympathy with your lordship's mo
painful position.

Ld. Chan. I thank your lordships. The feelings of
Lord Chancellor who is in love with a ward of court a
not to be envied. What is his position? Can he give h
own consent to his own marriage with his own ward? C
he marry his own ward without his own consent? And
he marries his own ward without his own consent, can
commit himself for contempt of his own court? can he a
pear by counsel before himself to move for arrest of h
own judgment? Ah, my lords, it is indeed painful to ha
to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thor
as these.

(*Enter* LORD MOUNT ARARAT.)

Ld. Mount. My lords, I have the pleasure to inform yo
lordships that I have succeeded in persuading the your
lady to present herself at the bar of this House.

(*Enter* PHYLLIS.)

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

My well-loved lord and guardian dear,
You summoned me, and I am here.
p. of Peers.
Oh, rapture! how beautiful!
How gentle! how dutiful!

SOLO—LORD TOLLOLLER

Of all the young ladies I know,
This pretty young lady's the fairest;
Her lips have the rosiest show,
Her eyes are the richest and rarest.
Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But of birth and position I've plenty;
I've grammar and spelling for two,
And blood and behavior for twenty.
p. Her origin's lowly, it's true,
But he's grammar and spelling for two;
Of birth and position he's plenty,
With blood and behavior for twenty.

SOLO—EARL OF MOUNT ARARAT

Though the views of the House have diverged
On every conceivable motion,
All questions of party are merged
In a frenzy of love and devotion.
If you ask us distinctly to say
What party we claim to belong to,
We reply, without doubt or delay,
The party I'm singing this song to.

p. If you ask us distinctly to say,
We reply, without doubt or delay,
That the party we claim to belong to
Is the party we're singing this song to.

SOLO—PHYLLIS

I'm very much pained to refuse,
But I'll stick to my pipes and my tabors;
I can spell all the words that I use,
And my grammar's as good as my neighbor's.
As for birth, I was born like the rest;
My behavior is rustic, but hearty;
And I know where to turn for the best
When I want a particular party.

Cho. Though her station is none of the best,
We suppose she was born like the rest;
And she knows where to look for her hearty
When she wants a particular party.

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

Phyl. Nay, tempt me not:
To wealth I'll not be bound:
In lowly cot
Alone is virtue found.

All. No, no, indeed; high rank will never hurt you:
The peerage is not destitute of virtue.

BALLAD—LORD TOLLOLLER

Spurn not the nobly born
With love affected,
Nor treat with virtuous scorn
The well-connected.
High rank involves no shame;
We boast an equal claim
With him of humble name
To be respected.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
When virtuous love is sought,
Thy power is naught,

Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood! ah, blue blood.
When virtuous love, etc.
Spare us the bitter pain,
With stern denials,
Nor with low-born disdain
Augment our trials.

Hearts just as pure and fair
May beat in Belgrave Square
As in the lowly air
Of Seven Dials.
Blue blood!
Blue blood!
Of what avail art thou
To serve us now,
Though dating from the Flood,
Blue blood? ah, blue blood!
Of what avail art thou, etc.

RECITATIVE—PHYLLIS

My lords, it may not be;
With grief my heart is riven;
You waste your words on me.
For, ah! my heart is given.
All. Given?
Phyl. Yes, given!
All. Oh, horror!

RECITATIVE—LORD CHANCELLOR

And who has dared to brave our high displeasure,
And thus defy our definite command?

(*Enter* STREPHON; PHYLLIS *rushes to his arms.*)

Streph.
'Tis I, young Strephon; mine the priceless treasure;
Against the world I claim my darling's hand.

All. Ah! rash one, tremble!
Streph A shepherd I—
All. A shepherd he!
Streph. Of Arcady—
All. Of Arcadee!
Streph and Phyl. Betrothed are we!
All. Betrothed are they—
Streph and Phyl. And mean to be
Espoused to-day.

ENSEMBLE

STREPH.	THE OTHERS
A shepherd I	A shepherd he
Of Arcady;	Of Arcadee;
Betrothed are we	Betrothed is he,
And mean to be	And means to be
Espoused to-day.	Espoused to-day.

Ld. Chan. Ah! rash one, tremble!

DUET—LORD MOUNT *and* LORD TOLL. (*aside to Peers*).

'Neath this blow,
Worse than stab of dagger,
Though we mo-
mentarily stagger,
In each heart
Proud are we innately:
Let's depart,
Dignified and stately—
Let's depart,
Dignified and stately.

CHORUS OF PEERS

Though our hearts she's badly bruising
In another suitor choosing,
Let's pretend it's most amusing.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! tzing! boom!

Exeunt all the Peers, marching round stage with much dignity. LORD CHANCELLOR *separates* PHYLLIS *from* STREPHON, *and orders her off. Manent* LORD CHANCELLOR *and* STREPHON.)

Ld. Chan. Now, sir, what excuse have you to offer for ving disobeyed an order of the court of Chancery?

Streph. My lord, I know no court of Chancery; I go by ture's acts of Parliament. The bees, the breeze, the seas, rocks, the brooks, the gales, the vales, the fountains, d the mountains, cry, "You love this maiden; take her, command you!" 'Tis writ in heaven by the bright-rbed dart that leaps forth into lurid light from each grim nder-cloud. The very rain pours forth her sad and sod-n sympathy. When chorused Nature bids me take my e, shall I reply, "Nay, but a certain Chancellor forbids " Sir, you are England's Lord High Chancellor, but are u Chancellor of birds and trees, king of the winds and nce of thunder-clouds?

Ld. Chan. No. It's a nice point; I don't know that ever met it before. But my difficulty is, that at prese there's no evidence before the court that chorused Natu has interested herself in the matter.

Streph. No evidence? You have my word for it. I te you that she bade me take my love.

Ld. Chan. Ah! but, my good sir, you mustn't tell u what she told you; it's not evidence. Now, an affidav from a thunderstorm or a few words on oath from a heav shower would meet with all the attention they deserve.

Streph. And have you the heart to apply the prosa rules of evidence to a case which bubbles over with poetic emotion?

Ld. Chan. Distinctly. I have always kept my dut strictly before my eyes; and it is to that fact that I owe m advancement to my present distinguished position.

Song—Lord Chancellor

When I went to the Bar as a very young man
(Said I to myself, said I),
I'll work on a new and original plan
(Said I to myself, said I):
I'll never assume that a rogue or a thief
Is a gentleman worthy implicit belief
Because his attorney has sent me a brief
(Said I to myself, said I).

I'll never throw dust in a juryman's eyes,
(Said I to myself, said I),
Or hoodwink a judge who is not over-wise
(Said I to myself, said I),
Or assume that the witnesses summoned in force
In Exchequer, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, or Divorc
Have perjured themselves as a matter of course
(Said I to myself, said I).

e I go into court I will read my brief through .
(Said I to myself, said I),
d I'll never take work I'm unable to do
(Said I to myself, said I);
y learned profession I'll never disgrace
taking a fee, with a grin on my face,
nen I haven't been there to attend to the case
(Said I to myself, said I).
other professions in which men engage
(Said I to myself, said I),
e Army, the Navy, the Church, and the Stage
(Said I to myself, said I),
fessional license, if carried too far,
ır chance of promotion will certainly mar;
d I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar
Said I to myself, said I).

(*Exit* LORD CHANCELLOR.

(*To* STREPHON, *who is in tears, enters* IOLANTHE.)

Streph. Oh, Phyllis! Phyllis! To be taken from you jus as I was on the point of making you my own! Oh, it's to much! it is too much!

Io. My son in tears, and on his wedding-day?

Streph. My wedding-day! Oh, mother, weep with me for the law has interposed between us, and the Lord Chan cellor has separated us forever!

Io. The Lord Chancellor!—(*Aside.*) Oh, if he did bu know!

Streph. (*overhearing her*). If he did but know—what?

Io. No matter. The Lord Chancellor has no power ove you. Remember, you are half a fairy; you can defy him— down to the waist.

Streph. Yes, but from the waist downward he can com mit me to prison for years. Of what avail is it that my bod is free if my legs are working out seven years' penal serv tude?

Io. True. But take heart; our queen has promised yo her special protection. I'll go to her and lay your peculi case before her.

Streph. My beloved mother, how can I repay the deb I owe you?

FINALE

QUARTETTE

(*As it commences the Peers appear at the back, advancin unseen and on tiptoe.* MOUNT ARARAT *and* TOLLOLLE *lead* PHYLLIS *between them, who listens in horror what she hears.*)

Streph. (*to* IOLANTHE).

When darkly looms the day,
And all is dull and gray,
To chase the gloom away
On thee I'll call.

Phyl. (*speaking aside to* MOUNT).

What was that?

d. Mount (*aside to* PHYLLIS).
I think I heard him say
That on a rainy day
To while the time away,
On her he'd call.

ho. We think we heard him say, etc.

PHYLLIS *much agitated at her lover's supposed faithlessness.*)

. (*to Strephon*).
When tempests wreck thy bark,
And all is drear and dark,
If thou shouldst need an ark,
I'll give thee one.

yl. (*speaking aside to Tolloller*).
What was that?

. Toll. (*aside to Phyllis*).
I heard the minx remark
She'd meet him after dark
Inside St. James's Park,
And give him one.

o. We heard the minx remark, etc.
The prospect's not so bad;
Thy heart, so sore and sad,
May very soon be glad
As summer sun;
But while the sky is dark,
And tempests wreck thy bark,
If thou shouldst need an ark,
I'll give thee one.

l. (*revealing herself*).
Ah!

(IOLANTHE *and* STREPHON *much confused.*)
Oh, shameless one, tremble!
Nay, do not endeavor
Thy fault to dissemble;
We part, and forever.
I worshipped him blindly,
He worships another—

Streph. Attend to me kindly:
This lady's my mother.
Ld. Toll. This lady's his—*what?*
Streph. This lady's my mother.
Tenors. This lady's his—*what?*
Basses. He says she's his mother.

(*They point derisively to* IOLANTHE, *laughing heartily at her. She clings for protection to* STREPHON.)

(*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR; IOLANTHE *veils herself.*)

Ld. Chan.
What means this mirth unseemly
That shakes the listening earth?
Ld. Toll.
The joke is good, extremely,
And justifies our mirth.
Ld. Mount.
This gentleman is seen
With a maid of seventeen,
A-taking of his *dolce far niente;*
And wonders he'd achieve,
For he asks us to believe
She's his mother, and he's nearly five-and-twenty!
All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ld. Chan. (*sternly*).
Recollect yourself, I pray,
And be careful what you say;
As the ancient Romans said, *festina lente;*
For I really do not see
How so young a girl could be
The mother of a man of five-and-twenty.
All. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Streph.
My lord, of evidence I have no dearth:
She is—has been—my mother from my birth.

BALLAD—STREPHON

In babyhood
Upon her lap I lay;
With infant food
She moistened my clay;
Had she withheld
The succor she supplied,
By hunger quelled
Your Strephon might have died.

Chan. (*much moved*).
Had that refreshment been denied,
Indeed our Strephon might have died.
(*much affected*).
Had that refreshment been denied,
Indeed our Strephon might have died.
Mount.
But as she's not
His mother, it appears,
Why weep these hot,
Unnecessary tears?
And by what laws
Should we so joyously
Rejoice because
Our Strephon didn't die?
Oh, rather let us pipe our eye
Because our Strephon didn't die.
That's very true; let's pipe our eye
Because our Strephon didn't die. (*All weep.*)

(*Exit* IOLANTHE.

yl. Go, trait'rous one; for ever we must part;
To one of you, my lords, I give my heart.
Oh, rapture!
eph. Hear me, Phyllis, ere you leave me.
yl. Not a word; you did deceive me.
Not a word; you did deceive her!

BALLAD—PHYLLIS

For riches and rank I do not long;
  Their pleasures are false and vain:
I gave up the love of a lordly throng
  For the love of a simple swain;
But now that that simple swain's untrue,
With sorrowful heart I turn to you—
  A heart that's aching,
  Quaking, breaking,
As sorrowful hearts are wont to do.

The riches and rank that you befall
  Are the only baits you use;
So the richest and rankiest of you all
  My sorrowful heart shall choose.
As none are so noble, none so rich,
As this couple of lords, I'll find a niche
  In my heart that's aching,
  Quaking, breaking,
For one of you two; and I don't care which.

ENSEMBLE

Phyl. (*to Lds. Mount and Toll*).
  To you I give my heart so rich.
Lds. Mount and Toll. (*puzzled*).
  To which?
Phyl. I do not care.
  To you I yield; it is my doom.
Lords. To whom?
Phyl. I'm not aware.
  I'm yours for life, if you but choose.
Lords. She's whose?
Phyl. That's your affair.
  I'll be a countess, shall I not?
Lords. Of what?
Phyl. I do not care.
Tenors. To them she gives her heart so rich.
Basses. To which?
Tenors. She won't declare.
Basses. To them she yields; it is her doom.

nors. To whom?
sses. I'm not aware.
nors. She's theirs for life, if they but choose.
sses. She's whose?
nors. That's her affair.
sses. She'll be a countess, will she not?
nors. Of what?
sses. We're not aware.
l. Lucky little lady!
Strephon's lot is shady;
Rank, it seems is vital;
"Countess" is the title;
But of what, I'm not aware.
eph. Can I, inactive, see my fortune fade?
No, no!—
Mighty protectress, hasten to my aid!

nter Fairies, tripping, headed by CELIA, LEILA, *and* FLETA, *and followed by* QUEEN.)

CHORUS OF FAIRIES
Tripping hither, tripping thither,
Nobody knows why or whither;
Why you want us we don't know,
But you've summoned us, and so
Enter all the little fairies
To their usual tripping measure.
To oblige you all our care is;
Tell us, pray, what is your pleasure!

eph. The lady of my love has caught me talking to another.
Oh, fie! Strephon is a rogue.
eph. I tell her very plainly that the lady is my mother.
Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
eph. She won't believe my statement, and declares we must be parted,
cause on a career of double-dealing I have started;
en gives her hand to one of these, and leaves me broken-hearted.

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Queen.

Ah, cruel ones, to part two faithful lovers from each other!

All. Oh, fie! Strephon is a rogue.

Queen.

You've done him an injustice, for the lady is his mother!

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Ld. Chan.

That fable perhaps may serve his turn as well as any other.
(*Aside.*)
I didn't see her face, but if they fondled one another,
And she's but seventeen, I don't believe it was his mother!

All. Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Ld. Toll. I've often had a use
For a thoroughbred excuse
Of a sudden (which is English for "*repente*"),
But of all I ever heard
This is much the most absurd,
For she's seventeen, and he is five-and-twenty.

Fairies. Tho' she is seventeen, and he is four- or five-and twenty,
Oh fie! Strephon is no rogue.

Ld. Mount.

Now listen, pray, to me,
For this paradox will be
Carried, nobody at all *contradicente:*
Her age upon the date
Of his birth was minus eight,
If she's seventeen, and he's five-and-twenty.
He says she is his mother, and he's four- or five-and-twenty.

All. To say she is his mother is an utter bit of folly.
Oh fie! Strephon is a rogue.
Perhaps his brain is addled, and it's very melancholy;
Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!
I wouldn't say a word that could be construed as injurious,
But to find a mother younger than her son is very curious,
And that's the kind of mother that is usually spurious.
Taradiddle! taradiddle! tol-lol-lay!

Chan. Go away, madam!
I should say, madam,
You display, madam,
Shocking taste.
It is rude, madam,
To intrude, madam,
With your brood, madam—
Brazen-faced!

You come here, madam,
Interfere, madam,
With a peer, madam
(I am one);
You're aware, madam,
What you dare, madam;
So take care, madam,
And begone!

ENSEMBLE

FAIRIES TO QUEEN	PEERS
us stay, madam;	Go away, madam!
ıould say, madam,	I should say, madam,
ey display, madam,	You display, madam,
Shocking taste.	Shocking taste.
s rude, madam,	It is rude, madam,
allude, madam,	To intrude, madam,
your brood, madam—	With your brood, madam—
Brazen-faced!	Brazen-faced!
don't fear, madam,	You come here, madam,
peer, madam,	Interfere, madam,
ough, my dear madam,	With a peer, madam
This is one.	(I am one).
ey will stare, madam,	You're aware, madam,
en aware, madam,	What you dare, madam;
at they dare, madam—	So take care, madam,
What they've done!	And begone!

en (*furious*). Bearded by these puny mortals,
I will launch from fairy portals

All the most terrific thunders
In my armory of wonders.

Phyl. (*aside*). Surely, these must be immortals.
Should they launch from fairy portals
All their most terrific wonders,
We should then repent our blunders.

Queen. Oh, Chancellor unwary,
It's highly necessary
Your tongue to teach
Respectful speech—
Your attitude to vary.

Your badinage so airy,
Your manner arbitrary,
Are out of place
When face to face
With an influential fairy.

All the Peers (*aside*). We never knew
We were speaking to
An influential fairy.

Ld. Chan. A plague on this vagary!
I'm in a nice quandary:
Of hasty tone
With dames unknown
I ought to be more chary.
It seems that she's a fairy
From Anderson's library;
And I took her for
The proprietor
Of a ladies' seminary.

All. He / We } took her for
The proprietor
Of a ladies' seminary.

Queen. When next your Houses do assemble
You may tremble.

Leila. Our wrath, when gentlemen offend us,
Is tremendous.

a. They meet, who underrate our calling
Doom appalling.
en. Take down our sentence as we speak it,
And he shall wreak it (*indicating* STREPHON).
Henceforth, Strephon, cast away
Crooks and pipes and ribbons so gay,
Flocks and herds that bleat and low;
Into Parliament you go.
ies. Into Parliament he shall go.
Backed by our supreme authority,
He'll command a large majority.
Into Parliament he shall go.
en. In the Parliamentary hive,
Liberal or Conservative,
Whig, or Tory, I don't know;
But into Parliament you shall go.
ies. Into Parliament etc.
rs. Ah, spare us!

QUEEN (*speaking through music*).
Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses.
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse-and-salmon season;
He shall end the cherished rights
You enjoy on Wednesday nights;
He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister;
He shall offer to the many
Peerages at three a penny;
Titles shall ennoble then
All the common councilmen;
Earldoms shall be sold apart
Daily at the auction-mart;
Peers shall teem in Christendom,
And a duke's exalted station
Be attainable by com-
petitive examination.

PEERS

Oh, horror!
But we'll dissemble
The coward fear that makes us tremble.

FAIRIES *and* PHYLLIS

Their horror
They can't dissemble,
Nor hide the fear that make them tremble.

ENSEMBLE

PEERS

Young Strephon is the kind of lout
We do not care a fig about
We cannot say
What evils may
Result in consequence;
But lordly vengeance will pursue
All kinds of common people who
Oppose our views,
Or boldly choose
To offer us offence.

He'd better fly at humble game,
Or our forbearance he must claim,
If he'd escape
In any shape
A very painful wrench.
Your powers we dauntlessly pooh-pooh!
A dire revenge will fall on you
If you besiege
Our high prestige
(The word "prestige" is French).

FAIRIES, PHYL. *and* STREPH

With Strephon for your fo
no doubt
A fearful prospect opens out
And who shall say
What evils may
Result in consequence?
A hideous vengeance wi
pursue
All noblemen who venture t
Oppose his views,
Or boldly choose
To offer him offence.

'Twill plunge them into grie
and shame;
His kind forbearance the
must claim
If they'd escape
In any shape
A very painful wrench.
Although our threats yo
may pooh-pooh!
A dire revenge will fall o
you
Should he besiege
Your high prestige
(The word "prestige" i
French).

rs. Our lordly style
You shall not quench
With base *canaille.*
ries. (That word is French.)
rs. Distinction ebbs
Before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs.*
ries. (A Latin word.)
rs. 'Twould fill with joy
And madness stark
The οἱ πολλοί.
ries. (A Greek remark.)

PEERS

You needn't wait:
Away you fly!
Your threatened hate
We thus defy!

FAIRIES

We will not wait;
We go skyhigh;
Our threatened hate
You won't defy.

iries. Your lordly style
We'll quickly quench
With base *canaille.*
eers. (That word is French.)
iries. Distinction ebbs
Before a herd
Of vulgar *plebs.*
eers. (A Latin word.)
iries. 'Twould fill with joy
And madness stark
The οἱ πολλοί.
eers. (A Greek remark.)

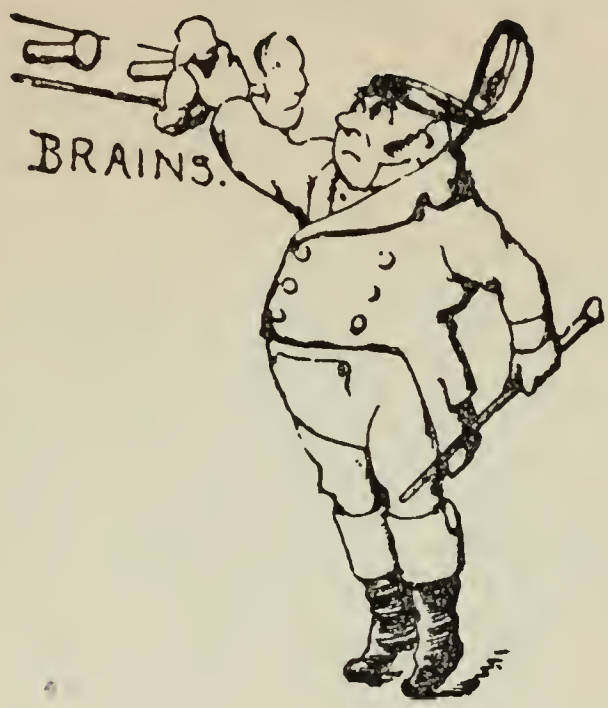
PEERS
You needn't wait:
Away you fly!
Your threatened hate
We thus defy!

FAIRIES
We will not wait;
We go skyhigh;
Our threatened hate
You won't defy.

(*Peers and Fairies take attitudes of defiance.*)

PICTURE

END OF ACT I



ACT II

SCENE.—*Palace Yard, Westminster, Westminster Hall, L.*
PRIVATE WILLIS *discovered on Sentry, R. Night.*

SONG—WILLIS

When all night long a chap remains
On sentry-go, to chase monotony
He exercises of his brains;
That is, assuming that he's got any.
Though never nurtured in the lap
Of luxury, yet, I admonish you,
I am an intellectual chap,
And think of things that would astonish you.
I often think it's comical (fal, lal, la!)
How Nature always does contrive (fal, lal, la!)
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.
Fal, lal, la!

When in that house M. Ps. divide,
If they've a brain and cerebellum too,

They've got to leave that brain outside
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.
But then the prospect of a lot
Of dull M. Ps. in close proximity,
A-thinking for themselves, is what
No man can face with equanimity.
Then let's rejoice with loud fal, lal, fal, lal, la!
That Nature wisely does contrive (fal, lal, la!)
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.
Fal, lal, la!

(*Enter Fairies, R., tripping, and led by* LELIA, CELIA, *and* FLETA.)

CHORUS

Strephon's a member of Parliament,
Carries every bill he chooses;
To his measures all assent,
Showing that fairies have their uses.
Whigs and Tories dim their glories,
Giving an ear to all his stories;
Lords and Commons are both in the blues;
Strephon makes them shake in their shoes—
Shake in their shoes—
Strephon makes them shake in their shoes!

(*Enter Peers from Westminster Hall.*)

CHORUS OF PEERS

Strephon's a member of Parliament,
Running amuck of all abuses;
His unqualified assent
Somehow nobody refuses.
Whigs and Tories dim their glories,
Giving an ear to all his stories,
Carrying every bill he may wish;
Here's a pretty kettle of fish—
Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

orus of Peers and Fairies.

Strephon's a member of Parliament—
Carries ev'ry bill he chooses;
To his measures all assent,
Carrying ev'ry bill he may wish—
Carrying ev'ry bill he may wish;
Here's a pretty kettle of fish!

(*Enter* LORDS TOLLOLLER *and* MOUNT ARARAT.)

d. Mount. Perfectly disgraceful! disgusting!
'elia. You seem annoyed.
d. Mount. Annoyed! I should think so! Why, this
culous protége of yours is playing the deuce with every-
g! To-night is the second reading of his bill to throw
peerage open to competitive examination.
d. Toll. And he'll carry it, too!
d. Mount. Carry it? Of course he will! He's a Par-
ientary Pickford—he carries everything.
elia. Yes. If you please, that's our fault.
d. Mount. The deuce it is!
'elia. Yes; we influence the members, and compel them
ote just as he wishes them to.
elia. It's our system; it shortens the debates.
d. Toll. Well, but think what it all means! I don't
nuch mind for myself, but with a House of Peers with
grandfathers worth mentioning the country must go to
dogs.

Lelia. I suppose it must.

Ld. Mount. I don't want to say a word against brains—I've great respect for brains. I often wish I had some my self—but with a House of Peers composed exclusively o people of intellect, what's to become of the House of Com mons?

Lelia. I never thought of that.

Ld. Mount. This comes of women interfering in politic It so happens that if there is an institution in Great Britai which is not susceptible of any improvement at all, it is th House of Peers.

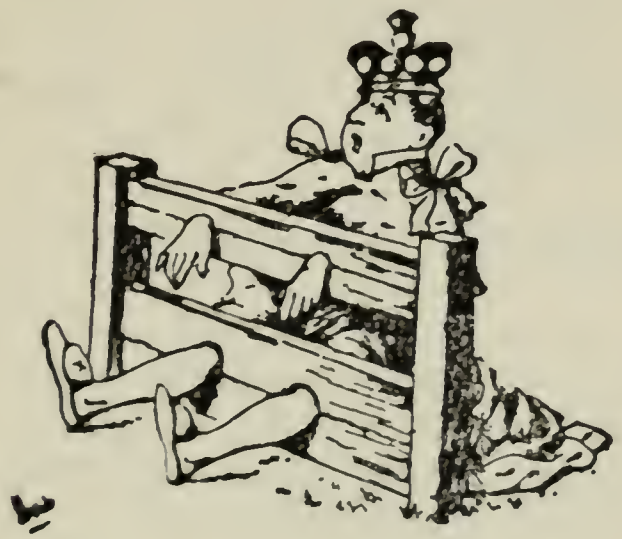
SONG—LORD MOUNT

When Britain *really* ruled the waves
(In good Queen Bess's time)
The House of Peers made no pretence
To intellectual eminence
Or scholarship sublime;
Yet Britain won her proudest bays
In good Queen Bess's glorious days.

Cho. Yes, Britain won, etc.

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,
As every child can tell,
The House of Peers throughout the war
Did nothing in particular,

And did it very well;
Yet Britain set the world ablaze
In good King George's glorious days.
Yes, Britain set, etc.



And while the House of Peers withholds
Its legislative hand,
And noble statesmen do not itch
To interfere with matters which
They do not understand,
As bright will shine Great Britain's rays
As in King George's glorious days.
As bright will shine, etc.

unt Chorus of Peers. Manent LORDS MOUNT ARARAT *and* TOLLOLLER, *and Fairies.*)

lia (who has been much attracted by the Peers during ong). Charming persons, are they not?
lia. Distinctly. For self-contained dignity, combined airy condescension, give me a British representative

l. Toll. Then, pray, stop this protégé of yours before oo late. Think of the mischief you're doing!
lia (crying). But we *can't* stop him now.—(*Aside to* A.) Aren't they lovely?—(*Aloud.*) Oh, why did you us, you great geese?

DUET—LEILA *and* CELIA

Leila. In vain to us you plead—
Don't go;
Your prayers we do not heed—
Don't go.
It's true we sigh,
But don't suppose
A tearful eye
Forgiveness shows;
Oh, no!
We're very cross indeed—
Don't go!

All. It's true they sigh, etc.

Celia. Your disrespectful sneers—
Don't go!
Call forth indignant tears—
Don't go!
You break our laws,
You are our foe:
We cry because
We hate you so—
Oh, no!
You very wicked peers,
Don't go!

FAIRIES
You break our laws,
You are our foe:
We cry because
We hate you so—
Oh, no!
You very wicked peers,
Don't go!

LORDS MOUNT *and* TOLL
Our disrespectful sneers—
Ha! ha!
Call forth indignant tears—
Ha! ha!
If that's the case, my dear
We go!

(*Exeunt* MOUNT ARARAT *and* TOLLOLLER. *Fairies gaze wist fully after them. Enter* FAIRY QUEEN.)

Queen. Oh, shame! shame upon you! Is this your f delity to the laws you are bound to obey? Know ye n that it is death to marry a mortal?

Leila. Yes; but it's not death to wish to marry a mortal.
Fleta. If it were you'd have to execute us all.
Queen. Oh, this is weakness! Subdue it!
Celia. We know it's weakness, but the weakness is so ong!
Leila. We are not all as tough as you are.
Queen. Tough? Do you suppose that I am insensible to e effect of manly beauty? Look at that man (*referring* SENTRY). A perfect picture!—(*To* SENTRY.) Who are u, sir?
Sentry. Private Willis, B Company, First Battalion Grenier Guards.
Queen. You're a fine fellow, sir.
Sentry. I am generally admired.
Queen. I can quite understand it.—(*To Fairies.*) Now, re is a man whose physical attributes are simply godlike. at man has a most extraordinary effect upon me. If I elded to a natural impulse I should fall down and worship at man. But I mortify this inclination; I wrestle with it, d it lies beneath my feet. This is how I treat my regard r that man.

SONG—FAIRY QUEEN

Oh, foolish fay,
Think you, because
His brave array
My bosom thaws,
I'd disobey
Our fairy laws?
Because I fly
In realms above,
In tendency
To fall in love
Resemble I
The amorous dove?
(*Aside.*) Oh, amorous dove!
Type of Ovidius Naso!
This heart of mine
Is soft as thine,
Although I dare not say so.
Cho. Oh, amorous dove, etc.

On fire that glows
With heat intense
I turn the hose
Of common sense,
And out it goes
At small expense.
We must maintain
Our fairy law;
That is the main
On which to draw;
In that we gain
A Captain Shaw.
Oh, Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy brigade
With cold cascade

Quench my great love, I wonder?
Cho. Oh, Captain Shaw! etc.

Exeunt Fairies sorrowfully, headed by FAIRY QUEEN.)

(*Enter* PHYLLIS.)

hyl. (*half crying*). I can't think why I'm not in better
ts. I'm engaged to two noblemen at once. That ought
e enough to make any girl happy; but I'm miserable.
't suppose it's because I care for Strephon, for I hate
No girl would care for a man who goes about with
other considerably younger than himself.

(*Enter* LORD MOUNT ARARAT.)

d. Mount. Phyllis! my own!
hyl. Don't! How dare you? But perhaps you are one
ne noblemen I'm engaged to?
d. Mount. I'm one of them.
hyl. Oh! But how came you to have a peerage?
d. Mount. It's a prize for being born first.
hyl. Oh, I see—a kind of Derby cup.
d. Mount. Not at all. I'm of a very old and distin-
ned family.
hyl. And you're proud of your race? Of course you
you won it. But why are people made peers?
d. Mount. The principle is not easy to explain. I'll
you an example.

SONG—MOUNT ARARAT

Belville was regarded as the Crichton of his age;
tragedies were reckoned much too thoughtful for the
stage;
poems held a noble rank, although it's very true
, being very proper, they were read by very few;
was a famous painter, too, and shone upon the line,
even Mr. Ruskin came and worshipped at his shrine;
alas! the school he followed was heroically high,
kind of art men rave about, but very seldom buy;
And ev'rybody said,
"How can he be repaid—

This very great, this very good, this very gifted man?"
But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

He was a great inventor, and discovered, all alone,
A plan for making everybody's fortune but his own;
For in business an inventor's little better than a fool,
And my highly-gifted friend was no exception to the rul
His poems—people read 'em in the sixpenny Reviews;
His pictures—they engraved 'em in the *Illustrated News;*
His inventions—they perhaps might have enriched him b
degrees,
But all his little income went in Patent-Office fees.
So everybody said,
"How can he be repaid—
This very great, this very good, this very learned man?"
But nobody could hit upon a practicable plan.

ast the point was given up in absolute despair,
n a distant cousin died, and he became a millionaire,
a county seat in Parliament and a moor or two of grouse,
a taste for making inconvenient speeches in the House.
Government conferred on him the highest of rewards:
took him from the Commons and they put him in the Lords.
who so fit to sit in it—deny it if you can—
his very great, this very good, and very gifted man?
Though I'm more than half afraid
That it sometimes may be said
we never should have revelled in this source of proper pride,
ever great his merits, if his cousin hadn't died.

(*Enter* LORD TOLLOLLER, *L.*)

l. Toll. Phyllis! my darling! (*embraces her*).
hyl. Here's the other! Well, have you settled which to be?
l. Toll. Not altogether; it's a difficult position. It d be hardly delicate to toss up. On the whole, we would er leave it to you.
hyl. How can it possibly concern me? You are both , and you are both rich, and you are both plain.
l. Mount. So we are. At least I am.
l. Toll. So am I.
l. Mount. No, no!
l. Toll. Oh, I am indeed very plain.
l. Mount. Well! well! perhaps you are.
hyl. There's really nothing to choose between you. If of you would forego his title and distribute his estates ng his Irish tenantry, why, then I should see a reason accepting the other. (PHYLLIS *retires up.*
l. Mount. Tolloller, are you prepared to make this sac-e?
l. Toll. No!
l. Mount. Not even to oblige a lady?

Ld. Toll. No!

Ld. Mount. Then the only question is, Which of us sh
give way to the other? Perhaps, on the whole, she would
happier with me? I don't know; I may be wrong.

Ld. Toll. No, I don't know that you are. I really thi
that she would. But the painful part of the thing is, that
you rob me of the girl of my heart, one of us must perish.

Ld. Mount. Again the question arises, Which shall it b
Do you feel inclined to make this sacrifice?

Ld. Toll. No!

Ld. Mount. Not even to oblige a gentleman?

Ld. Toll. Impossible! The Tollollers have invariab
destroyed their successful rivals. It's a family tradition th
I have sworn to respect.

Ld. Mount. I see. Did you swear it before a comm
sioner?

Ld. Toll. I did, on affidavit.

Ld. Mount. Then I don't see how you can help you
self.

Ld. Toll. It's a painful position, for I have a strong r
gard for you, George (*shake hands*).

Ld. Mount (*much affected*). My dear Thomas!

Ld. Toll. You are very dear to me, George. We we
boys together—at least *I* was. If I were to destroy you, m
existence would be hopelessly embittered.

Ld. Mount. Then, my dear Thomas, you must not do
I say it again and again: if it will have this effect on yo
you must not do it. No, no! If one of us is to destroy t
other, let it be me.

Ld. Toll. No, no!

Ld. Mount. Ah, yes! By our boyish friendship I in
plore you (*shake hands*).

Ld. Toll. (*much moved*). Well! well! be it so. But n
no! I cannot consent to an act which would crush you wi
unavailing remorse.

Ld. Mount. But it would not do so. I should be ve
sad at first—oh! who would not be?—but it would wear o
I like you very much (*shake hands*), but not, perhaps,
much as you like me.

Ld. Toll. George, you're a noble fellow, but that te

tear betrays you. No, George, you are very fond of
and I cannot consent to give you a week's uneasiness on
account.

l. Mount. But, dear Thomas, it would not last a week.
ember, you lead the House of Lords; on your demise I
take your place. Oh, Thomas! it would not last a

l. Toll. It's very kind and thoughtful of you to look at
that light, but there's no disguising it, George—we're in
y awkward position.

hyl. (*coming down*). Now, I do hope you're not going
ght about me, because it really isn't worth while.

l. Toll. I don't believe it is.

l. Mount. Nor I. The sacred ties of friendship are
mount. No consideration shall induce me to raise my
l against Thomas.

l. Toll. And in my eyes the life of George is more sa-
than love itself.

RTETTE—PHYLLIS, LORD TOLLOLLER, LORD MOUNT, *and*
SENTRY

l. Toll.
Tho' p'raps I may incur your blame,
The things are few I wouldn't do
In Friendship's name.

l. Mount.
And I may say I feel the same;
Not even Love should rank above
True Friendship's name.

hyl.
Then free me, pray; be mine the shame;
Forget your craze and go your ways,
In Friendship's name!

ll.
Oh, many a man in Friendship's name
Has yielded fortune, rank, and fame,
But no one yet in the world so wide
Has yielded up a promised bride.
Accept, O Friendship, all the same,
Our sacrifice to thy dear name.

(*After Quartette, exeunt* PHYLLIS *and* LORDS TOLLOLL *and* MOUNT ARARAT.)

(*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR, *very miserable.*)

RECITATIVE

Love, unrequited, robs me of my rest;
Love, hopeless love, my ardent soul encumbers;
Love, nightmare-like, lies heavy on my breast,
And weaves itself into my midnight slumbers.

SONG—LORD CHANCELLOR

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and
pose is tabooed by anxiety,
I conceive you may use any language you choose to indul
in without impropriety;
For your brain is on fire—the bedclothes conspire of usu
slumber to plunder you:
First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, a
your sheet slips demurely from under you;
Then the blanketing tickles—you feel like mixed pickles,
terribly sharp is the pricking,
And you're hot and you're cross, and you tumble and to
till there's nothing 'twixt you and the ticking;
Then your bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, a
you pick 'em all up in a tangle;
Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain
its usual angle.
Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with h
eyeballs and head ever aching,
But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams th
you'd very much better be waking;
For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossi
like mad in a steamer from Harwich;
Which is something between a large bathing-machine and
very small second-class carriage;
And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to
party of friends and relations—
They're a ravenous horde, and they all come on board
Sloane Square and South Kensington stations;

bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that morning from Devon);
s a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you he's only eleven.
l, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by-the-bye, the ship's now a four-wheeler),
you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when you tell him that "Ties pay the dealer;"
this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find you're as cold as an icicle
our shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), crossing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle;
he and the crew are on bicycles too—which they have somehow or other invested in—
he's telling the tars all the particu*lars* of a company he's interested in:
a scheme of devices to get at low prices all goods from cough-mixtures to cables
hich tickles the sailors) by treating retailers as though they were all veget*a*bles.

You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (fi
take off his boots with a boot-tree),
And his legs will take root and his fingers will shoot, a
they'll blossom and spread like a fruit tree.
From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green p
cauliflowers, pineapples, and cranberries,
While the pastry-cook plant cherry brandy will grant, ap
puffs, and three corners, and banberries.
The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken
Rothschild and Baring;
And just a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudd
despairing.
You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck; and
wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, a
you're needles and pins from your soles to yo
shins; and your flesh is a-creep, for your left le
asleep; and you've cramps in your toes, and a
on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and
feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and
general sense that you haven't been sleeping
clover;
But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and t
night has been long—ditto, ditto, my song—a
thank Goodness they're both of them over!

(*During the last lines* LORDS MOUNT ARARAT *and* TOLLOLL
have entered. They gaze sympathetically upon t
LORD CHANCELLOR'S *distress. At the end of his so*
they come forward.)

Ld. Mount. I am much distressed to see your lordship
this condition.

Ld. Chan. Ah, my lords, it is seldom that a Lord Cha
cellor has reason to envy the position of another, but I a
free to confess that I would rather be two earls engaged
Phyllis than any other half-dozen noblemen upon the fa
of the globe.

Ld. Toll. (*without enthusiasm*). Yes. In a way, it's
enviable position.

d. Mount. Oh, yes—no doubt most enviable. At the e time, seeing you thus, we naturally say to ourselves, is is very sad. His lordship is constitutionally as blithe bird—he trills upon the bench like a thing of song and ness. His series of judgments in F sharp, given *andante* ix-eight time, are among the most remarkable effects produced in a court of Chancery. He is, perhaps, the living instance of a judge whose decrees have received honor of a double encore. How can we bring ourselves o that which will deprive the court of Chancery of one s most attractive features?"

d. Chan. I feel the force of your remarks, but I can- make up my mind to apply to myself again. I am here double capacity. Firstly, as a Lord Chancellor entrusted the guardianship of this charming girl; and, secondly, suitor for her hand. In my latter capacity I am over- d by my dignity in my former capacity; I hesitate to oach myself—it unnerves me.

d. Toll. It's a difficult position. This is what it is to two capacities. Let us be thankful that we are per- of no capacity whatever.

d. Mount. But take courage! Remember, you are a just and kindly old gentleman, and you need have no ation in approaching yourself, so that you do so re- tfully and with a proper show of deference.

d. Chan. Do you really think so? Well, I will nerve lf to another effort, and if that fails I resign myself to fate.

—Lord Chancellor, Mount Ararat, *and* Tolloller

Mount.

If you go in
You're sure to win—
Yours will be the charming maidie;
Be your law
The ancient saw,
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

All.

Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Every journey has an end;
When at the worst affairs will mend;
Dark the dawn when day is nigh;
Hustle your horse and don't say die.

Ld. Toll.

He who shies
At such a prize
Is not worth a maravedi;
Be so kind
To bear in mind,
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

All.

Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
While the sun shines make your hay;
Where a will is, there's a way;
Beard the lion in his lair;
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Ld. Chan.

I'll take heart
And make a start,
Though I fear the prospect's shady;
Much I'd spend
To gain my end—
"Faint heart never won fair lady."

All.

Never, never, never, never—
Faint heart never won fair lady.
Nothing venture, nothing win;
Blood is thick, but water's thin;
In for a penny, in for a pound;
It's love that makes the world go round.

(*Dance, and exeunt arm-in-arm together.*)

(*Enter* STREPHON.)

RECITATIVE

My bill has now been read a second time;
His ready vote no member now refuses;
In verity I wield a power sublime,
And one that I can turn to mighty uses.
What joy to carry, in the very teeth
Of Ministry, Cross-Bench, and Opposition,
Some rather urgent measures, quite beneath
The ken of patriot and politician!

SONG—STREPHON

Fold your flapping wings,
Soaring legislature!
Stoop to little things—
Stoop to human nature!
Never need to roam,
Members patriotic;
Let's begin at home—
Crime is no exotic.
Bitter is your bane,
Terrible your trials,
Dingy Drury Lane!
Soapless Seven Dials!

Take a tipsy lout
Gathered from the gutter,
Hustle him about,
Strap him to a shutter;
What am I but he,
Washed at hours stated,
Fed on filagree,
Taught and titivated?
He's a mark of scorn;
I might be another
If I had been born
Of a tipsy mother.

Take a wretched thief
Through the city sneaking

Pocket-handkerchief
Ever, ever seeking;
What is he but I
Robbed of all my chances,
Picking pockets by
Force of circumstances?
I might be as bad—
As unlucky, rather—
If I'd only had
Fagin for a father.

(*Enter* PHYLLIS.)

Phyl. (*starting*). Strephon!

Streph. (*starting*). Phyllis! But I suppose I should sa "My Lady." I have not yet been informed which title yo ladyship has pleased to elect.

Phyl. I haven't quite decided. You see, *I* have *mother* to advise *me*.

Streph. No; I have.

Phyl. Yes, a *young* mother.

Streph. Not very—a couple of centuries or so.

Phyl. Oh, she wears well.

Streph. She does; she's a fairy.

Phyl. I beg your pardon—a what?

Streph. Oh, I've no longer any reason to conceal t fact—she's a fairy.

Phyl. A fairy! Well, but—that would account for good many things. Then I suppose you're a fairy?

Streph. I'm half a fairy.

Phyl. Which half?

Streph. The upper half—down to the waistcoat.

Phyl. Dear me! (*prodding him with her finger* There is nothing to show it. But why didn't you tell this before?

Streph. I thought you would take a dislike to me. as it's all off, you may as well know the truth—I'm o half a mortal.

Phyl. (*crying*). But I'd rather have half a mortal I love than half a dozen I don't.

Streph. Oh, I think not. Go to your half dozen.

hyl. (*crying*). It's only two, and I hate 'em! Please ive me.
treph. I don't think I ought to. Besides, all sorts of culties will arise. You know my grandmother looks quite oung as my mother. So do all my aunts.
hyl. I quite understand. Whenever I see you kissing a young lady I shall know it's an elderly relative.
treph. You will? Then, Phyllis, I think we shall be happy (*embracing her*).
hyl. We won't wait long before we marry; we might nge our minds.
treph. Yes—we'll get married first.
hyl. And change our minds afterwards.
treph. Yes, that's the usual course.

DUET—STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS

ph. If we're weak enough to tarry
Ere we marry,
You and I,
Of the feeling I inspire
You may tire
By and by;
For peers with flowing coffers
Press their offers;
That is why
I think we will not tarry
Ere we marry,
You and I.
. If we're weak enough to tarry.
Ere we marry
You and I,
With a more attractive maiden,
Jewel-laden,
You may fly.
If by chance we should be parted,
Broken-hearted,
I should die:
That is why we will not tarry
Ere we marry,
You and I.

Phyl. But does your mother know you're—— I m
is she aware of our engagement?

(*Enter* IOLANTHE.)

Io. She is, and thus she welcomes her daughter-in-
(*kisses her*).

Phyl. She kisses just like other people! But the L
Chancellor?

Streph. I had forgotten him.—Mother, none can re
your fairy eloquence. You will go to him and plead for

Io. (*aside*). Go to him?—(*Aloud*). No, no! impossib

Streph. But our happiness, our very lives, depend u
our obtaining his consent.

Phyl. Oh, madam, you cannot refuse to do this?

Io. You know not what you ask! The Lord Chance
is my husband!

Streph. and Phyl. Your husband?

Io. My husband and your father! (STREPHON *o*
come.)

Phyl. Then our course is plain. On his learning
Strephon is his son, all objections to our marriage will
at once removed.

Io. Nay, he must never know. He believes me to h
died childless; and, dearly as I love him, I am bound, u
penalty of death, not to undeceive him. But see, he co
Quick! my veil! (*Retires up.*)

(*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR. IOLANTHE *retires with Strep*
and PHYLLIS.)

Ld. Chan. Victory! victory. Success has crowned
efforts, and I may consider myself engaged to Phyllis.
first I wouldn't hear of it; it was out of the question.
I took heart. I pointed out to myself that I was no stra
to myself—in point of fact, I had been personally acquai
with myself for some years. This had its effect. I admi
that I had watched my professional advancement with
siderable interest, and I handsomely added that I yielde
no one in admiration for my private and professional vir

s was a great point gained. I then endeavored to work
n my feelings. Conceive my joy when I distinctly per-
ed a tear glistening in my own eye! Eventually, after
evere struggle with myself, I reluctantly, most reluct-
y, consented.

LANTHE *comes down,* STREPHON *and* PHYLLIS *going off.*)

whom have we here?

RECITATIVE

My lord, a suppliant at your feet I kneel;
Oh, listen to a mother's fond appeal!
Hear me to-night; I come in urgent need.
'Tis for my son, young Strephon, that I plead.

BALLAD—IOLANTHE

He loves! If in the bygone years
  Thine eyes have ever shed
Tears—bitter, unavailing tears—
  For one untimely dead;
If in the eventide of life
  Sad thoughts of her arise,—
Then let the memory of thy wife
  Plead for my boy; he dies!

He dies! If, fondly laid aside
In some old cabinet,
Memorials of thy long-dead bride
Lie dearly treasured yet,
Then let her hallowed bridal dress,
Her little dainty gloves,
Her withered flowers, her faded tress,
Plead for my boy; he loves!

(*The* LORD CHANCELLOR *is moved by this appeal. After a pause*—)

Ld. Chan.
It may not be, for so the Fates decide:
Learn thou that Phyllis is my promised bride!

Io. (*in horror*).
Thy bride? no! no!

Ld. Chan. It shall be so.
Those who would separate us, woe betide!

Io. My doom thy lips have spoken—
I plead in vain.

Chorus of Fairies (*without*).
Forbear! forbear!

Io. A vow already broken
I break again.

Chorus of Fairies (*without*).
Forbear! forbear!

Io. For him—for her—for thee,
I yield my life!
Behold! it may not be—
I am thy wife!

Chorus of Fairies (*without*).
Aiaiah! aiaiah! willaloo!

Ld. Chan. (*recognising her*).
Iolanthe! thou livest?

Io. Ay,
I live! Now let me die!

ter FAIRY QUEEN *and Fairies.* IOLANTHE *kneels to her.*)
en. Once more thy vows are broken:
Thou thyself thy doom hath spoken.
rus of Fairies. Aiaiah! aiaiah!
Willahalah! willaloo!
Laloiah! laloiah!
Willahalah! willaloo!
en. Bow thy head to destiny:
Death's thy doom, and thou shalt die!
rus of Fairies. Aiaiah! aiaiah! etc.

e Peers and STREPHON *enter. The* QUEEN *raises her spear.* LORD CHANCELLOR *and* STREPHON *implore her mercy,* LEILA *and* CELIA *rush forward.*)

eila. Hold! If Iolanthe must die, so must we all, for he has sinned, so have we.
ueen. What? (*Peers and Fairies kneel to her*—LORD UNT ARARAT *with* LEILA; LORD TOLLOLLER *with* CELIA.)
elia. We are all fairy duchesses, marchionesses, counts, viscountesses and baronesses.
d. Mount. It's our fault; they couldn't help themes.
ueen. It seems they *have* helped themselves, and pretty ly too!—(*After a pause.*) You have all incurred death, I can't slaughter the whole company. And yet (*unfold a scroll*) the law is clear: Every fairy must die who ries a mortal!
d. Chan. Allow me, as an old equity draughtsman, to e a suggestion. The subtleties of the legal mind are al to the emergency. The thing is really quite simple; insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that y fairy shall die who *don't* marry a mortal, and there are, out of your difficulty at once!
ueen. We like your humour. Very well. (*Altering MS. in pencil.*)—Private Willis!
entry (*coming forward*). Ma'am!
ueen. To save my life it is necessary that I marry at . How should you like to be a fairy Guardsman?
entry. Well, ma'am, I don't think much of the British

soldier who wouldn't ill-convenience himself to save a fem in distress.

Queen. You are a brave fellow. You're a fairy fr this moment. (*Wings spring from Sentry's shoulders.*) And you, my lords, how say you? Will you join our rank

(*Fairies kneel to Peers, and implore them to do so.*)

Ld. Mount (*to* TOLLOLLER). Well, now that the pe are to be recruited entirely from persons of intelligence really don't see what use *we* are down here.

Ld. Toll. None, whatever.

Queen. Good! (*Wings spring from the shoulders Peers.*) Then away we go to Fairyland!

FINALE

Phyl. Soon as we may
Off and away,
We will start our journey airy;
Happy are we,
As you can see;
Every one is now a fairy.

PHYLLIS, IOLANTHE *and* QUEEN

Tho', as a general rule, we know
Two strings go to every bow,
Make up your mind that grief 'twill bring
If you've two beaux to every string.
CHO.—Tho', as a general rule, etc.

Ld. Chan. Up in the sky
Ever so high,
Pleasures come in endless series;
Let us arrange
Pleasant exchange—
House of Peers for House of Peris.

IO—LORD TOLLOLLER, LORD MOUNT ARARAT, *and* LORD CHANCELLOR

Up in the air sky high,
Far from wards in Chancery,
He will be surely happier, far,
For he's such a susceptible Chancellor.
CHO.—Up in the air, etc.

END OF OPERA

THE GONDOLIERS

or, The King of Barataria

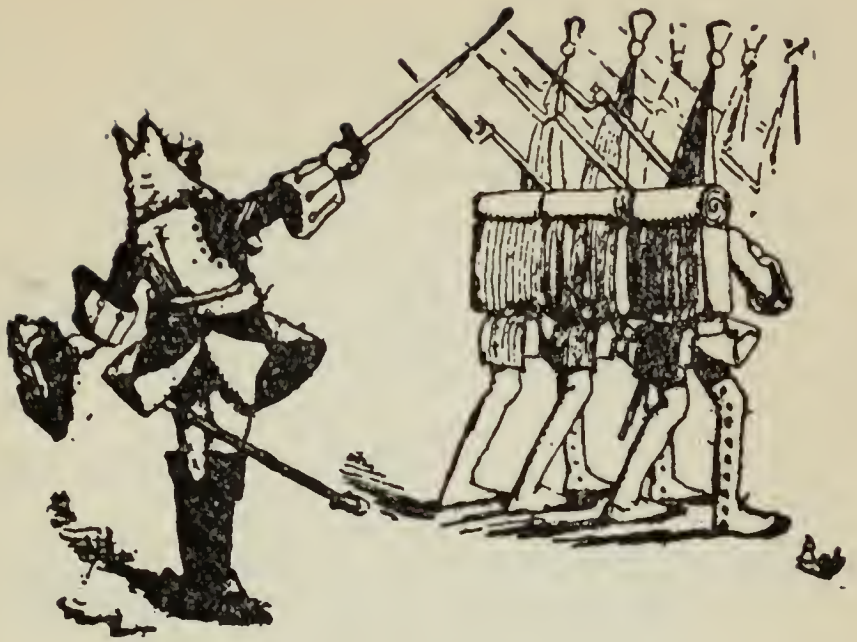
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO (*a Grandee of Spain*).
LUIZ (*his Attendant*).
DON ALHAMBRA DEL BOLERO (*the Grand Inquisitor*).
MARCO PALMIERI
GIUSEPPE PALMIERI
ANTONIO
FRANCESCO } (*Venetian Gondoliers*)
GIORGIO
ANNIBALE
OTTAVIO
THE DUCHESS OF PLAZA-TORO.
CASILDA (*her Daughter*).
GIANETTA
TESSA
FIAMETTA } (*Contadine*)
VITTORIA
GIULIA
INEZ (*the King's Foster-mother*).

Chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine, Men-at-Arms, Heral
and Pages

ACT I.—THE PIAZZEATT, VENICE
ACT II.—PAVILION IN THE PALACE OF BARATARIA

(*An interval of three months is supposed to elapse betwe*
Acts I. and II.)
DATE 1750



ACT I

ENE.—THE PIAZZETTA, VENICE. *The Ducal Palace on the right.*

AMETTA, GIULIA, VITTORIA, *and other Contadine discovered, each tying a bouquet of roses.*

CHORUS OF CONTADINE

List and learn, ye dainty roses,
Roses white and roses red,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled.
By a law of maiden's making
Accents of a heart that's aching,
Even though that heart be breaking,
Should by maiden be unsaid:
Though they love with love exceeding,
They must seem to be unheeding—
Go ye then and do their pleading,
Roses white and roses red!

FIAMETTA

Two there are for whom, in duty,
Every maid in Venice sighs—
Two so peerless in their beauty
That they shame the summer skies.
We have hearts for them, in plenty,
We, alas, are four-and-twenty!
They have hearts, but all too few,
They, alas, are only two!

CHORUS

Now ye know, ye dainty roses,
Why we bind you into posies
Ere your morning bloom has fled,
Roses white and roses red!

(*During this chorus* ANTONIO, FRANCESCA, GIORGIO *other Gondoliers have entered unobserved by the g —at first two, then two more, then four, then hal dozen, then the remainder of the chorus.*)

RECIT.

Franc. Good morrow, pretty maids; for whom prepare
These floral tributes extraordinary?
Fia. For Marca and Giuseppe Palmieri,
The pink and flower of all the Gondolieri.
Giu. They're coming here as we have heard but lately
To choose two brides from us who sit sedately.
Ant. Do all you maidens love them?
All. Passionately!
Ant. These Gondoliers are to be envied greatly!
All the Men.
But what of us, who one and all adore you?
Have pity on our passion, I implore you!
All the Girls.
These gentlemen must make their choice before yo
In the meantime we tacitly ignore you.

. When they have chosen two that leaves you plenty—
Two dozen we, and ye are four-and-twenty.
& *Vitt.* Till then, enjoy you *dolce far niente.*
. With pleasure, nobody *contradicente!*

SONG—ANTONIO

For the merriest fellows are we, tra la,
That ply on the emerald sea, tra la;
With loving and laughing,
And quipping and quaffing,
We're happy, as happy can be, tra la—
As happy as happy can be!
With sorrow we've nothing to do, tra la,
And care is a thing to pooh-pooh, tra la;
And jealousy yellow,
Unfortunate fellow,
We drown in the shimmering blue, tra la,—
We drown in the shimmering blue!

. (*looking off*).
See, see, at last they come to make their choice—
Let us acclaim them with united voice.

(MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *appear in gondola at back.*)

the Girls. Hail, gallant gondolieri, ben' venuti!
Accept our love, our homage, and our duty.

ARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *jump ashore—the girls salute them.*)

UET—GIUSEPPE *and* MARCO *and* CHORUS OF GIRLS
. and Mar. Buon' giorno, signorine!
ls. Gondolieri carissimi!
Siamo contadine!
. and Mar. (*bowing*).
Servituri umilissimi!
Per chi questi fiori—
Questi fiori bellissimi?
ls. Per lei, bell' signori
O eccellentissimi!

(The girls present their bouquets to GIUSEPPE *and* MARC
who are overwhelmed with them, and carry them wi
difficulty.)

Giu. & Mar. (their arms full of flowers). O ceil!
Girls. Buon' giorno, cavalieri!
Giu. and Mar. (deprecatingly) Siamo gondolieri.
(to FIA. & VITT.) Signorina, io t'amo!
Girls (deprecatingly). Contadine siamo.
Giu. & Mar. Signorine!
Girls (deprecatingly). Contadine!
(curtseying to Giu. and Mar.) Cavalieri.
Giu. and Mar. (deprecatingly). Gondolieri!
Poveri gondolieri!
Chorus. Buon' giorno, signorine, &

Ensemble, MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE

We're called gondolieri,
But that's a vagary,
It's quite honorary
The trade that we ply.

For gallantry noted
Since we were short-coated,
To ladies devoted,
My brother and I!

When morning is breaking,
Our couches forsaking,
To greet their awaking
With carols we come.

At summer day's nooning,
When weary lagooning,
Our mandolins tuning,
We lazily thrum.

When vespers are ringing,
To hope ever clinging,
With songs of our singing
A vigil we keep.

When daylight is fading,
Enwrapt in night's shading,
With soft serenading
We lull them to sleep.

We're called gondolieri, &c.

RECIT.—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE
And now to choose our brides!
As all are young and fair,
And amiable besides,
We really do not care
A preference to declare.
A bias to disclose,
Would be indelicate—
And therefore we propose
To let impartial Fate
Select for us a mate!
Viva!
A bias to disclose
Would be indelicate—
But how do they propose
To let impartial Fate
Select for them a mate?

e handkerchiefs upon our eyes be good enough to bind,
take good care that both of us are absolutely blind;

turn us round—and we, with all convenient despatch,
undertake to marry any two of you we catch!
Viva!
undertake to marry any two of us they catch!

(*The girls prepare to bind their eyes as directed.*)

QUARTETTE

Fia. (*to Marco*). Are you peeping?
Can you see me?
Mar. Dark I'm keeping,
Dark and dreamy!
(MARCO *slyly lifts banda*
Vit. (*to Giuseppe*). If you're blinded
Truly say so.
Giu. All right-minded
Players play so! (*slyly lifts banda*
Fia. (*detecting Mar.*) Conduct shady!
They are cheating!
Surely they de-
Serve a beating! (*replaces banda*
Vit. (*detecting Giu.*) This too much is;
Maidens mocking—
Conduct such is
Truly shocking! (*replaces band*

All. You can spy, sir!
Shut your eye, sir!
You may use it by-and-bye, sir!
You can see, sir!
Don't tell me, sir!
That will do—now let it be, sir!

All the Girls. My papa he keeps three horses,
Black, and white, and dapple grey, sir!
Turn three times, then take your courses
Catch whatever girl you may, sir!

GIUSEPPE *and* MARCO *turn round, as directed, and t*
catch the girls. Business of blind-man's buff. Even
MARCO *catches* GIANETTA, *and* GIUSEPPE *catches T*
The two girls try to escape, but in vain. The two
pass their hands over the girls' faces to discover their
tity.

Giu. I've at length achieved a capture!
(*guessing*) This is Tessa! (*removes bandage*). Ra
rapture!
Mar. (*guessing*). Gianetta fate has granted! (*remove*
dage)
Just the very girl I wanted!

(*politely to Mar.*) If you'd rather change—
sa. My goodness!
This indeed is simple rudeness.
. (*politely to Giu*). I've no preference whatever—
Listen to him! Well, I never!
(*Each man kisses each girl.*)

DUET—TESSA *and* GIANETTA

Thank you, gallant gondolieri:
In a set and formal measure
It is scarcely necessary
To express our pride and pleasure.
Each of us to prove a treasure,
Conjugal and monetary,
Gladly will devote our leisure,
Gay and gallant gondolieri.
La, la, la, la, la! &c.
a. Gay and gallant gondolieri.
Take us both and hold us tightly,
You have luck extraordinary;
We might both have been unsightly
If we judge your conduct rightly,
'Twas a choice involuntary;
Still we thank you most politely,
Gay and gallant gondolieri!
La, la, la, la, la!
he Girls. To these gallant gondolieri
In a set and formal measure,
It is scarcely necessary
To express their pride and pleasure.
Each of us to prove a treasure,
Conjugal and monetary,
Gladly will devote her leisure
To the *other* gondolieri!
La! la! la! la! la! &c.

CHORUS—MEN AND WOMEN

Fate in this has put his finger—
Let us bow to Fate's decree,
Then no longer let us linger,
To the altar hurry we!

(*They all dance off two and two*—GIANETTA *with* MAR
TESSA *with* GIUSEPPE.)

Flourish. A gondola arrives at the Piazzetta steps, fr
which enter the DUKE OF PLAZA-TORA, *the* DUCHESS, *t*
daughter CASILDA, *and their attendant* LUIZ, *who carrie*
drum. All are dressed in pompous but old and fa
clothes.

ENTREE

Duke. From the sunny Spanish shore,
His Grace of Plaza-Tor'——
Duch. And His Grace's Duchess true——
Cas. And His Grace's daughter, too——
Luiz. And His Grace's private drum
To Venetia's shores have come:
All. And if ever, ever, ever
They get back to Spain,
They will never, never, never
Cross the sea again——
Duke. Neither that Grandee from the Spanish shor
The noble Duke of Plaza-Tor'——
Duch. Nor his Grace's Duchess, staunch and true——
Cas. You may add, his Grace's daughter, too——
Luiz. And his Grace's own particular drum
To Venetia's shore any more will come.
All. And if ever, ever, ever
They get back to Spain,
They will never, never, never
Cross the sea again!

Duke. At last we arrived at our destination. Th
the Ducal Palace, and it is here that the Grand Inqui
resides. As a Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarter
I regret that I am unable to pay my state visit on a h
As a Castilian hidalgo of that description, I should
preferred to ride through the streets of Venice; but o
I presume, to an unusually wet season, the streets a
such a condition that equestrian exercise is impracti
No matter. Where is our suite?

Luiz (*coming forward*). Your Grace, I am here.
Duch. Why do you not do yourself the honour to kneel
en you address his Grace?
Duke. My love, it is so small a matter! (*to* Luiz) Still
may as well do it. (Luiz *kneels.*)
Cas. The young man seems to entertain but an imper-
appreciation of the respect due from a menial to a
tilian hidalgo.
Duke. My child, you are hard upon our suite.
Cas. Papa, I've no patience with the presumption of per-
in his plebeian position. If he does not appreciate that
tion, let him be whipped until he does.
Duke. Let us hope the omission was not intended as a
nt. I should be much hurt if I thought it was. So
ld he. (*To* Luiz) Where are the halberdiers who
e to have had the honor of meeting us here, that our
to the Grand Inquisitor might be made in becoming
e?
uiz. Your Grace, the halberdiers are mercenary people
stipulated for a trifle down.
uke. How tiresome! Well, let us hope the Grand In-
itor is a blind gentleman. And the band who were to
had the honor of escorting us? I see no band!
uiz. Your Grace, the band are sordid persons who re-
ed to be paid in advance.
uch. That's so like a band!
uke (*annoyed*). Insuperable difficulties meet me at
y turn!
uch. But surely they know his Grace!
uiz. Exactly—they know his Grace.
uke. Well, let us hope that the Grand Inquisitor is a
gentleman. A cornet-à-piston would be something.
do not happen to possess the accomplishment of toot-
like a cornet-à-piston?
uiz. Alas no, your Grace! But I can imitate a farm-
.
uke (*doubtfully*). I don't see how that would help us.
n't see how we could bring it in.
as. It would not help us in the least. We are not a
el of farmers come to market, stupid!

Duke. My love, our suite's feelings! Be so good as t ring the bell and inform the Grand Inquisitor that his Grac the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Count Matadoro, Baron Pica doro——

Duch. And suite——

Duke. Have arrived at Venice, and beg——

Cas. Desire——

Duch. Demand!

Duke. And demand an audience.

Luiz. Your Grace has but to command. (*Rising.*)

Duke (*much moved*). I felt sure of it—I felt sure of i (*Exit* LUIZ *into Ducal Palace.*) And now, my love—(*asid to* DUCHESS.) Shall we tell her? I think so—(*aloud* CASILDA.) And now, my love, prepare for a magnifice surprise. It is my agreeable duty to reveal to you a secr which should make you the happiest young lady in Venic

Cas. A secret?

Duch. A secret which, for State reasons, it has be necessary to preserve for twenty years.

Duke. When you were a prattling babe of six mont old you were married by proxy to no less a personage th the infant son and heir of His Majesty the immeasurab wealthy King of Barataria!

Cas. Married to the infant son of the King of Baratari It was a most unpardonable liberty!

Duke. Consider his extreme youth and forgive hi Shortly after the ceremony that misguided monarch aba doned the creed of his forefathers, and became a Method of the most bigoted and persecuting type. The Grand quisitor determined that the innovation should not be p petuated in Barataria, caused your smiling and unconsci husband to be stolen and conveyed to Venice. A fortni since the Methodist Monarch and all his Wesleyan Co were killed in an insurrection, and we are here to ascert the whereabouts of your husband, and to hail you daughter, as Her Majesty, the reigning Queen of Ba taria! (*kneels*).

Duch. Your Majesty! (*kneels*).

Duke. It is at such moments as these that one feels h necessary it is to travel with a full band.

s. I, the Queen of Barataria! But I've nothing to
We are absolutely penniless!
ke. That point has not escaped me. Although I am
ppily in straitened circumstances at present, my social
nce is something enormous; and a corporation to be
l the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limited, is in course of
ation to work me. An influential syndicate has been
ed, and I shall myself be an important part of assets.
s. Am I to understand that the Queen of Barataria
be called upon at any time to witness her honoured sire
e hands of a receiver?
ch. The speculation is not exempt from that draw-
If your father should stop, it will, of course, be nec-
to wind him up.
s. But it's so undignified—it's so degrading! A gran-
f Spain turned into a stock company! Such a thing
ever heard of.
ke. My child, the Duke of Plaza-Toro does not fol-
ashions—he leads them. He always leads everybody.
he was in the army he led his regiment. He occa-
ly led them into action. He invariably led them out

SONG—DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO

In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind—
He found it less exciting.
But when away his regiment ran,
His place was at the fore, O—

That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated,
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

All. In the first and foremost flight, ha, ha!
You always found that knight, ha, ha!
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

When to evade Destruction's hand
To hide they all proceeded,
No soldier in that gallant band
Hid half as well as he did.
He lay concealed throughout the war,
And so preserved his gore, O!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

All. In every doughty deed, ha, ha!
He always took the lead, ha, ha!
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
Tho' first of all his corps, O!

That very knowing,
Over-flowing,
Easy-going,
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

To men of grosser clay, ha, ha!
He always showed the way, ha, ha!
That very knowing,
Over-flowing,
Easy-going,
Paladin,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro!

eunt DUKE *and* DUCHESS *into Grand Ducal Palace. As soon as they have disappearad,* LUIZ *and* CASILDA *rush to each other's arms.*)

as. O Luiz, Luiz. What have I done! What have I wed you to do!

uiz. Nothing, I trust, that you will ever have reason epent. (*Offering to embrace her.*)

as. (*withdrawing from him*). Nay, Luiz, it may not be. ve embraced you for the last time.

uiz (*amazed*). Casilda!

as. I have just learnt, to my surprise and indignation, I was wed in babyhood to the infant son of the King of ataria!

uiz. The son of the King of Barataria? The child was stolen in infancy by the Inquisition!

as. The same. But, of course, you know his story.

uiz. Know his story? Why, I have often told you my mother was the nurse to whose charge he was usted!

as. True. I had forgotten. Well, he has been dis-red, and my father has brought me here to claim his d.

uiz. But you will not recognise this marriage? It place when you were too young to understand its ort.

as. Nay, Luis, respect my principles. and cease to tor-

ture me with vain entreaties. Henceforth my life is
other's.

Luiz. But stay—the present and the future—*they*
another's; but the past—that at least is ours, and none
take it from us. As we may revel in naught else, let
revel in that!

Cas. I don't think I grasp your meaning.

Luiz. Yet it is logical enough. You say you do
love me?

Cas. (*demurely*). I say I *may* not love you.

Luiz. But you do not say you *did* not love me?

Cas. I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerl
to express—and that but ten brief minutes since!

Luiz. Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minu
since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—
me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all
all to thee! (*embracing her.*)

Cas. I see your idea. It's ingenious, but don't do th
(*releasing herself*).

Luiz. There can be no harm in revelling in the past

Cas. None whatever, but an embrace cannot be tak
to act retrospectively.

Luiz. Perhaps not!

Cas. We may recollect an embrace—I recollect many
but we must not repeat them.

Luiz. Then let us recollect a few!

(*A moment's pause as they recollect, then both heave
deep sigh.*)

Luiz. Ah, Casilda, you were to me as the sun is to
earth!

Cas. A quarter of an hour ago.

Luiz. About that.

Cas. And to think that, but for this miserable discove
you would have been my own for life!

Luiz. Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ag

Cas. How greedily my thirsty ears would have dru
the golden melody of those sweet words a quarter—well,
now about twenty minutes since. (*Looking at her watc

Luiz. About that. In such a matter one cannot be
precise.

DUET—CASILDA *and* LUIZ

uiz. There was a time—
A time forever gone—ah, woe is me!
It was no crime
To love but thee alone—ah, woe is me!
One heart, one life, one soul,
One aim, one goal—
Each in the other's thrall,
Each all in all, ah, woe is me!

nsemble. Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er
The days that were—that never will be more!
Oh, bury, bury love that all condemn,
And let the whirlwind mourn its requiem!

as. Dead as the last year's leaves—
As gathered flowers—ah, woe is me!
Dead as the garnered sheaves,
That love of ours—ah, woe is me!
Born but to fade and die
When hope was high,
Dead and as far away
As yesterday!—ah, woe is me!

nsemble. Oh, bury, bury—let the grave close o'er, &c.

Re-enter from the Ducal Palace the DUKE *and* DUCHESS, *followed by* DON ALHAMBRA BOLERO, *the Grand Inquisitor.*)

Duke. My child, allow me to present to you His Distinc-
n Don Alhambra Bolero, the Grand Inquisitor of Spain.
was His Distinction who so thoughfully abstracted your
fant husband and brought him to Venice.

Don Al. So this is the little lady who is so unexpectedly
lled upon to assume the functions of Royalty! And a
ry nice little lady too!

Duke. Jimp, isn't she?

Don Al. Distinctly jimp. Allow me (*proceeds to in-
ect her—she turns away scornfully.*) Naughty temper!

Duke. You must make some allowance. Her Majesty's head is a little turned by her access of dignity.

Don Al. I could have wished that Her Majesty's access of dignity had turned it in this direction.

Duch. Unfortunately, if I am not mistaken, there appears to be some little doubt as to His Majesty's whereabouts.

Cas. A doubt as to his whereabouts? Then I may yet be saved?

Don Al. A doubt? Oh, dear no—no doubt at all! He is here, in Venice, plying the modest but picturesque calling of a gondolier. I can give you his address—I see him every day! In the entire annals of our history there is absolutely no circumstance so entirely free from all manner of doubt of any kind whatever! Listen, and I'll tell you all about it.

SONG—GRAND INQUISITOR

I stole the Prince, and I brought him here
And left him, gaily prattling
With a highly respectable gondolier,
Who promised the Royal babe to rear,
And teach him the trade of a timoneer
With his own beloved bratling.

Both of the babes were strong and stout,
And, considering all things, clever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

Time sped, and when at the end of a year
I sought that infant cherished,
That highly respectable gondolier
Was lying a corpse on his humble bier—
I dropped a Grand Inquisitor's tear—
That gondolier had perished!

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up for ever.
Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

But owing, I'm much disposed to fear,
To his terrible taste for tippling,
That highly respectable gondolier
Could never declare with a mind sincere
Which of the two was his offspring dear,
And which the Royal stripling!

Which was which he could never make out
Despite his best endeavour.
Of *that* there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

The children followed his old career—
(This statement can't be parried)
Of a highly respectable gondolier;
Well, one of the two (who will soon be here)—
But *which* of the two is not quite clear—
Is the Royal Prince you married!

Search in and out and round about
And you'll discover never
A tale so free from every doubt—
All probable, possible shadow of doubt—
All possible doubt whatever!

Cas. Then do you mean to say that I am married to

one of two gondoliers, but it is impossible to say which?

Don Al. Without any doubt of any kind whatever. Bu be reassured, the nurse to whom your husband was entruste is the mother of the musical young man who is such a past master of this delicately-modulated instrument (*indicatin the drum*). She can, no doubt, establish the King's identity beyond all question.

Luiz. Heavens, how did he know that?

Don Al. My young friend, a Grand Inquisitor is alway up to date. (*To Cas.*) His mother is at present the wif of a high respectable and old-established brigand, who car ries on an extensive practice in the mountains around Cor dova. Accompanied by two of my emissaries, he will se off at once for his mother's address. She will return wit them, and if she finds any difficulty in making up her mind the persuasive influence of the torture chamber will jo her memory.

RECITATIVE

Cas. But, bless my heart, consider my position!
I am the wife of one, that's very clear;
But who can tell, except by intuition,
Which is the Prince, and which the Gondolier?

Don Al. Submit to Fate without unseemly wrangle:
Such complications frequently occur—
Life is one closely complicated tangle:
Death is the only true unraveller!

QUINTETTE—DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, INQUISITOR, LUI

Try we life-long, we can never
Straighten out life's tangled skein,
Why should we, in vain endeavour,
Guess and guess and guess again?
Life's a pudding full of plums,
Care's a canker that benumbs.
Wherefore waste our elocution
On impossible solution?
Life's a pleasant institution,
Let us take it as it comes.

Set aside the dull enigma,
We shall guess it all too soon;
Failure brings no kind of stigma—
Dance we to another tune!
String the lyre and fill the cup,
Lest on sorrow we should sup.
Hop and skip to Fancy's fiddle,
Hands across and down the middle—
Life's perhaps the only riddle
That we shrink from giving up.

Exeunt all except GRAND INQUISITOR *into Ducal Palace. Chorus of Gondoliers heard without.*)

Enter Procession of Gondoliers and Contadine, crossing the stage.)

CHORUS

Bridegroom and bride!
Knot that's insoluble,
Voices all voluble
Hail it with pride.
Bridegroom and bride!
Hail it with merriment!
It's an experiment
Frequently tried.

Bridegroom and bride!
Bridegrooms all joyfully,
Brides, rather coyfully,

Stand at their side.
Bridegroom and bride!
We in sincerity ,
Wish you prosperity,
Bridegroom and bride!

(*Enter* MARCO *with* GIANETTA, *and* GIUSEPPE *with* TESSA

SONG—TESSA

When a merry maiden marries,
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song,
All is right and nothing's wrong!
From to-day and ever after
Let our tears be tears of laughter.
Every sigh that finds a vent
Be a sigh of sweet content!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with love is laden;
Every flower is a rose,
Every goose becomes a swan,
Every kind of trouble goes
Where the last year's snows have gone
Sunlight takes the place of shade
When you marry merry maid!

When a merry maiden marries
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song—
All is right and nothing's wrong.
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow
Get ye gone until to-morrow;
Jealousies in grim array,
Ye are things of yesterday!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with joy is laden;
All the corners of the earth
Ring with music sweetly played,
Worry is melodious mirth,
Grief is joy in masquerade;
Sullen night is laughing day—
All the year is merry May!

Giu. And now our lives are going to begin in real earnest? hat's a bachelor? A mere nothing—he's a chrysalis. He n't be said to live—he exists.

Mar. What a delightful institution marriage is! Why ve we wasted all this time? Why didn't we marry ten ars ago?

Tess. Because you couldn't find anybody nice enough.

Gia. Because you were waiting for *us*.

Mar. I suppose that *was* the reason. We were waiting r you without knowing it. (DON ALHAMBRA *comes forard*). Hallo!

Giu. If this gentleman is an undertaker, it is a bad omen.

Don. Al. Good morning. Festivities of some sort going ?

Giu. Yes, a little unimportant family gathering—(*aside*) othing in *your* line. (*aside*) He *is* an undertaker!

Don Al. Somebody's birthday, I suppose?

Giu. Yes, mine!

Tess. And mine!

Gia. And mine!

Mar. And mine!

Don Al. Curious coincidence! And how old may you ?

Tess. It's a rude question—but about ten minutes.

Don Al. Remarkably fine children!

Tess. In other words, we were married about ten minutes since.

Don Al. Married! You don't mean to say you are married?

Mar. Oh, yes, we are married.

Don Al. What, both of you?

Gia. All four of us.

Don Al. (*aside*). Bless my heart, how extremely awkward!

Gia. You don't mind, I suppose?

Tess. You were not thinking of either of us for yourself, I presume? Oh, Giuseppe, look at him—he was! He's heartbroken!

Don Al. I wasn't, I wasn't!

Giu. Now, my man (*slapping him on the back*), we don't want anything in your line to-day, and if your curiosity's satisfied—you can go.

Don Al. You mustn't call me your man. It's a liberty. I don't think you know who I am.

Giu. Not we, indeed? We are jolly gondoliers, the sons of Baptisto Palmieri, who led the last revolution. Republicans, heart and soul, we hold all men to be equal. As we abhor oppression, we abhor kings; as we detest vain glory, we detest rank; as we despise effeminacy, we despise wealth. We are Venetian gondoliers—your equals in everything except our calling, and in that at once your masters and your servants.

Don Al. Bless my heart, how unfortunate! One of you may be Baptisto's son, for anything I know to the contrary, but the other is no less a personage than the only son of the late King of Barataria.

All. What!

Don Al. And I trust—I *trust* it was that one who slapped me on the shoulder and called me his man!

Giu. One of us a king!
Mar. Not brothers!
Tess. The King of Barataria!
Gia. Well, who'd have thought it!
Mar. But which is it?

Together.

Don Al. But as you are both Republicans, and hold kings in abhorrence, of course you'll abdicate at once (*going*).

Tess. and Gia. Oh, don't do that! (MARCO *and* GUISEPPE *stop him.*)

Giu. Well, as to that, of course there are kings and kings. When I say that I detest kings, I mean I detest *bad* kings.

Don Al. I see. It's a delicate distinction.

Giu. Quite so. Now I can conceive a kind of king—an ideal king—the creature of my fancy, you know—who would be absolutely unobjectionable. A king, for instance, who would abolish taxes and make everything cheap, except gondolas——

Mar. And give a great many free entertainments to the gondoliers——

Giu. And let off fireworks on the Grand Canal, and engage all the gondolas for the occasion——

Mar. And scramble money on the Rialto among the gondoliers.

Giu. Such a king would be a blessing to his people, and if I were a king, that is the sort of king I would be.

Don Al. Come, I'm glad to find your objections are not insuperable.

Mar. and Giu. Oh, they're not insuperable.

Tess. and Gia. No, they're not insuperable.

Giu. Besides, we are open to conviction. Our views may have been hastily formed on insufficient grounds. They may be crude, ill-digested, erroneous. I've a very poor opinion of the politician who is not open to conviction.

Tess. (*to* GIA.). Oh, he's a fine fellow.

Gia. Yes, that's the sort of politician for my money!

Don Al. Then we'll consider it settled. Now, as the country is in a state of insurrection, it is absolutely necessary that you should assume the reins of Government at once; and until it is ascertained which of you is to be king, I have arranged that you will reign jointly, so that no question can arise hereafter as to the validity of any of your acts.

Mar. As one indivdual?

Don Al. As one individual.

Giu. (*linking himself with* MARCO). Like this?

Don Al. Something like that.

Mar. And we may take our friends with us, and giv them places about the court?

Don Al. Undoubtedly. That's always done.

Mar. I'm convinced!

Giu. So am I!

Tess. Then the sooner we're off the better.

Gia. We'll just run home and pack up a few thing (*going*)——

Don Al. Stop, stop—that won't do at all—we can't hav any ladies.

All. What!

Don Al. Not at present. Afterwards, perhaps. We' see.

Giu. Why, you don't mean to say you are going t separate us from our wives!

Don Al. (*aside*). This is very awkward! (*aloud.*) Onl for a time—a few months. After all, what is a few months

Tess. But we've only been married half an hour! (*weeps*)

SONG—GIANETTA

Kind sir, you cannot have the heart
Our lives to part.
From those to whom an hour ago
We were united!
Before our flowing hopes you stem,
Ah, look at them,
And pause before you deal this blow,
All uninvited!
You men can never understand,
That heart and hand
Cannot be separated when
We go a-yearning;
You see, you've only women's eyes
To idolise,
And only women's hearts, poor men,
To set *you* burning!
Ah me, you men will never understand

That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!
Some charm you seem to find
In womankind—
Some source of unexplained delight
(Unless you're jesting).
But what attracts you I confess
I cannot guess,
To me a woman's face is quite
Uninteresting!
If from my sister I were torn,
It could be borne—
I should no doubt be horrified,
But I could bear it;—
But Marco's quite another thing—
He is my king,
He has my heart and none beside
Shall ever share it!
Ah me, you men will never understand
That woman's heart is one with woman's hand!

RECIT.—GRAND INQUISITOR

Do not give way to this uncalled for grief
Your separation will be very brief.
To ascertain which is the King
And which the other,
To Barataria's Court I'll bring
His foster-mother;
Her former nurseling to declare
She'll be delighted.
That settled, let each happy pair
Be reunited.

Mar., Giu., Tess., Gia. Viva! His argument is strong!
Viva! We'll not be parted long!
Viva! It will be settled soon!
Viva! Then comes our honeymoon!
(*Exit* DON ALHAMBRA.)

QUARTETTE—TESSA, GIANETTA, MARCO, GIUSEPPE

Gia. Then one of us will be a Queen,
And sit on a golden throne,

With a crown instead
Of a hat on her head,
And diamonds all her own!
With a beautiful robe of gold and green,
I've always understood;
I wonder whether
She'd wear a feather?
I rather think she should!

All. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen!
No half-and-half affair, I mean,
But a right-down regular Royal Queen!

Mar. She'll drive about in a carriage and pair
With the King on her left-hand side
And a milkwhite horse,
As a matter of course,
Whenever she wants to ride!
With beautiful silver shoes to wear
Upon her dainty feet!
With endless stocks
Of beautiful frocks
And as much as she wants to eat!

All. Oh, 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, &c.

Tess. Whenever she condescends to walk,
Be sure she'll shine at that,
With her haughty stare,
And her nose in the air,
Like a well-born aristocrat!
At elegant high society talk
She'll bear away the bell,
With her "How de do?"
And her "How are you?"
And her "Hope I see you well!"

All. Oh! 'tis a glorious thing, I ween, &c.

Giu. And noble lords will scrape and bow,

And double them into two,
And open their eyes
In blank surprise
At whatever she likes to do.
And everybody will roundly vow
She's fair as flowers in May,
And say "How clever!"
At whatsoever
She condescends to say!
Oh! 'tis a glorious thing, I ween,
To be a regular Royal Queen—
No half-and-half affair, I mean,
But a right-down regular Royal Queen?
(*Enter chorus of Gondoliers and Contadine.*)

CHORUS

Now, pray, what is the cause of this remarkable hilarity?
This sudden ebullition of unmitigated jollity?
Has anybody blessed you with a sample of his charity—
Or have you been adopted by a gentleman of quality?

ENSEMBLE—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE

Replying, we sing
As one individual,
As I find I'm a king
To my kingdom I bid you all.
I'm aware you object
To pavilions and palaces,
But you'll find I respect
Your Republican fallacies.

Chorus. As they know we object
To pavilions and palaces,
How can they respect
Our Republican fallacies,

SONG—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE

For every one who feels inclined,
Some post we undertake to find
Congenial with his peace of mind—
And all shall equal be.

The Chancellor in his peruke—
The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook—
They all shall equal be.

The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who hunts and shoots,
The Aristocrat who cleans our boots—
They all shall equal be!

The Noble Lord who rules the State—
The Noble Lord who cleans the plate—
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate—
They all shall equal be!

The Lord High Bishop orthodox—
The Lord High Coachman on the box—
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
They all shall equal be!
Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!

Chorus. Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!
The Earl, the Marquis, and the Dook,
The Groom, the Butler, and the Cook,
The Aristocrat who banks with Coutts,
The Aristocrat who cleans the boots,
The Noble Lord who rules the State,
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate,
The Lord High Bishop orthodox,
The Lord High Vagabond in the stocks—
Sing high, sing low,
Wherever they go,
They all shall equal be!
Then hail! O King,
Whichever you may be,
To you we sing,

But do not bend the knee.
It may be thou—
Likewise it may be thee—
So hail! O King,
Whichever you may be!

MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE (*together*)
Then let's away—our island crown a waits me—
Conflicting feelings rend my soul apart!
The thought of Royal dignity elates me,
But leaving thee behind me breaks my heart!
(*Addressing* TESSA *and* GIANETTA).

TESSA *and* GIANETTA (*together*)
Farewell, my love; on board you must be getting;
But while upon the sea you gaily roam,
Remember that a heart for you is fretting—
The tender little heart you've left at home!

DUET—TESSA *and* GIANETTA
Now, Marco dear,
My wishes hear:
While you're away
It's understood
You will be good,
And not too gay,
To every trace
Of maiden grace

You will be blind,
And will not glance
By any chance
On womankind!
If you are wise,
You'll shut your eyes
'Till we arrive,
And not address
A lady less
Than forty-five.
You'll please to frown
On every gown
That you may see;
And, O my pet,
You won't forget
You've married me!

O my darling, O my pet,
Whatever else you may forget,
In yonder isle beyond the sea,
O don't forget you've married me!

Tess. You'll lay your head
Upon your bed
At set of sun.
You will not sing
Of anything
To any one.
You'll sit and mope
All day, I hope,
And shed a tear
Upon the life
Your little wife
Is passing here.
And if so be
You think of me,
Please tell the moon:
I'll read it all
In rays that fall
On the lagoon:

You'll be so kind
As tell the wind
How you may be,
And send me words
By little birds
To comfort me!
And O, my darling, O my pet,
Whatever else you may forget,
In yonder isle beyond the sea,
O don't forget you've married me!

CHORUS (*during which a Xebeque is hauled alongside the quay*)
Then away we go to an island fair
That lies in a Southern sea;
We know not where, and we don't much care
Wherever that isle may be.

he Men (*hauling on boat*). One, two, three,
Haul!
One, two, three,
Haul!
One, two, three,
Haul!
With a will!

l. Then away we go, etc.

SOLO—MARCO
Away we go
To a balmy isle,
Where the roses blow
All the winter while,
And the birds all twitter
Through the winter weather,
Like a spinnet and a zither
That are played together.

l. Then pull, yeo ho! and again yeo ho! (*hoisting sail*)
And again yeo ho! with a will!
When the breezes are a-blowing,

Then our ship will be a-going,
When they don't we shall all stand still!

And away we go to the island fair,
That lies in a southern sea,
We / They know not where, and we / they don't much ca
Wherever that isle may be!

(*The men embark on the "Xebeque."* MARCO *and* GI
SEPPE *embracing* GIANETTA *and* TESSA. *The gi*
wave a farewell to the men as the curtain falls.)

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE.—*Pavilion in the Court of Barataria.* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE, *magnificently dressed, are seated on two thrones, occupied in cleaning the crown and the sceptre. The gondoliers are discovered dressed, some as courtiers, officers of rank, &c, and others as private soldiers and servants of various degrees. All are enjoying themselves without reference to social distinctions—some playing cards, others throwing dice.*

CHORUS

Of happiness the very pith
In Barataria you may see:
A monarchy that's tempered with
Republican Equality.
This form of government we find
The beau ideal of its kind—
A despotism strict, combined
With absolute equality!

ENSEMBLE—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE

Two kings, of undue pride bereft,
Who act in perfect unity,
Whom you can order right and left
With absolute impunity.

Who put their subjects at their ease
By doing all they can to please!
And thus, to earn their bread and cheese,
Seize every opportunity.

Mar. Gentlemen, we are much obliged to you for yo
expressions of satisfaction and good-feeling. We are deligh
ed, at any time, to fall in with sentiments so charming
expressed.

Giu. At the same time there is just one little grievan
that we should like to ventilate.

All (*angrily*). What!

Giu. Don't be alarmed—it's not serious. It is arrang
that, until it is decided which of us two is the actual Kin
we are to act as one person.

Giorgio. Exactly.

Giu. Now, although we act as one person, we are,
point of fact, *two* persons.

Tommaso. Ah, I don't think we can go into that.
is a legal fiction, and legal fictions are solemn things. Situat
as we are, we can't recognise two independent responsibiliti

Giu. No; but you can recognise two independent app
tites. It's all very well to say we act as one person, b
when you supply us with only one ration between us,
should describe it as a legal fiction carried a little too far.

Tom. It's rather a nice point. I don't like to expr
an opinion off-hand. Suppose we reserve it for argume
before the Supreme Court.

Mar. Yes, but what are we to do in the meantime?

Tom. I think they may take their double rations, if th
give bonds?

Gior. That, I think, will meet the case. But you m
work hard—stick to it—nothing like work.

Giu. Oh, certainly. We quite understand that a m
who holds the magnificent position of King should do som
thing to justify it. We are called "Your Majesty," we a
allowed to buy ourselves magnificent clothes, our subje
frequently nod to us in the streets, the sentries always retu
our salutes, and we enjoy the inestimable privilege of headi
the subscriptions to all the principal charities. In return

ese advantages the least we can do is to make ourselves seful about the Palace.

SONG—GIUSEPPE

Rising early in the morning,
We proceed to light our fire,
Then our Majesty adorning
In its work-a-day attire,
We embark without delay
On the duties of the day.

First, we polish off some batches
Of political despatches,
And foreign politicians circumvent.
Then, if business isn't heavy,
We may hold a Royal *levee,*
Or ratify some Acts of Parliament.
Then we probably review the household troops—
With the usual "Shalloo humps!" and "Shalloo hoops!"
Or receive with ceremonial and state
An interesting Eastern potentate.
After that we generally
Go and dress our private *valet*—
(It's a rather nervous duty—he's a touchy little man)—
Write some letters literary
For our private secretary—
He is shaky in his spelling, so we help him if we can.
Then, in view of cravings inner,
We go down and order dinner;
Then we polish the Regalia and the Coronation plate—
Spend an hour in titivating
All our Gentlemen-in-Waiting;
Or we run on little errands for the Ministers of State.
Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King;
Yet the duties are delightful and the privileges great;
But the privilege and pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is to run on little errands for the Ministers of State!
After luncheon (making merry
On a bun and glass of sherry),

If we've nothing in particular to do,
We may make a Proclamation,
Or receive a Deputation—
Then we possibly create a Peer or two.
Then we help a fellow-creature on his path
With the Garter or the Thistle or the Bath.
Or we dress and toddle off in semi-State
To a festival, a function, or a *fête*.
Then we go and stand as sentry
At the Palace (private entry),
Marching hither, marching thither, up and down and
to and fro,
While the warrior on duty
Goes in search of beer and beauty
(And it generally happens that he hasn't far to go)
He relieves us, if he's able,
Just in time to lay the table.
Then we dine and serve the coffee, and at half-past
twelve or one,
With a pleasure that's emphatic,
We retire to our attic
With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done
Oh, philosophers may sing
Of the troubles of a King,
But of pleasures there are many and of troubles the
are none;
And the culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!

(*Exeunt all but* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE

Giu. Yet it really is a very pleasant existence. They're so extraordinarily kind and considerate. You don't find em wanting to do this, or wanting to do that, or saying 't's my turn now." No, they let us have all the fun to rselves, and never seem to grudge it.

Mar. It makes one feel quite selfish. It almost seems e taking advantage of their good nature.

Giu. How nice they were about the double rations.

Mar. Most considerate. Ah! there's only one thing nting to make us thoroughly comfortable—the dear little ves we left behind us three months ago.

Giu. It *is* dull without female society. We can do with t everything else, but we can't do without that.

Mar. And if we have that in perfection, we have every- ng. There is only one recipe for perfect happiness.

Giu. What's that?

Mar. Listen! I'll tell you.

SONG—MARCO

Take a pair of sparkling eyes,
Hidden, ever and anon,
In a merciful eclipse—
Do not heed their mild surprise—
Having passed the Rubicon.
Take a pair of rosy lips;
Take a figure trimly planned—
Such as admiration whets
(Be particular in this;)
Take a tender little hand,
Fringed with dainty fingerettes,
Press it—in parenthesis;
Take all these, you lucky man—
Take and keep them, if you can!
Take a pretty little cot—
Quite a miniature affair—
Hung about with trellised vine.
Furnish it upon the spot
With the treasures rich and rare
I've endeavoured to define.
Live to love and love to live—

You will ripen at your ease,
Growing on the sunny side—
Fate has nothing more to give.
You're a dainty man to please
If you are not satisfied.
Take my counsel, happy man;
Act upon it, if you can!

(*Enter Chorus of Contadine, running in, led by* FIAMETTA *and* GIULIA. *They are met by all the Ex-Gondolie who welcome them heartily.*)

CHORUS—CONTADINE

Here we are, at the risk of our lives,
From ever so far, and we've brought your wives—
And to that end we've crossed the main,
And we don't intend to return again!

Fia. Though obedience is strong,
Curiosity's stronger—
We waited for long,
Till we couldn't wait longer.

Giu. It's imprudent, we know,
But without your society
Existence was slow,
And we long for variety!

All. So here we are, at the risk of our lives,
From ever so far, and we've brought your wives—
And to that end we've crossed the main,
And we don't intend to return again!

(*Enter* TESSA *and* GIANETTA. *They rush to the arms* GIUSEPPE *and* MARCO.)

Giu. Tessa!
Tessa. Giuseppe!
Gia. Marco!
Mar. Gianetta!
} *Embrace.*

DUET—TESSA *and* GIANETTA (*Alternate lines*)

After sailing to this island—
Tossing in a manner frightful,
We are all once more on dry land—

And we find the change delightful.
As at home we've been remaining—
We've not seen you both for ages,
Tell me, are you fond of reigning?—
How's the food and what's the wages?
Does you new employment please ye?—
How does Royalizing strike you?
Is it difficult or easy?—
Do you think your subjects like you?
I am anxious to elicit,
Is it plain and easy steering?
Take it altogether, is it—
Better fun than gondoliering?

orus. We shall go on requesting,
Till you tell us, never doubt it,
Everything is interesting,
Tell us, tell us all about it!
Is the populace exacting?
Do they keep you at a distance?
All unaided are you acting,
Or do they provide assistance?
When you're busy, have you got to
Get up early in the morning?
If you do what you ought not to,
Do they give the usual warning?
With a horse do they equip you?
Lots of trumpeting and drumming?
Do the Royal tradesmen tip you?
Ain't the livery becoming!
Does your human being inner
Feed on everything that nice is?
Do they give you wine for dinner?
Peaches, sugar-plums, and ices?

orus. We shall all go on requesting
Till you tell us, never doubt it;
Everything is interesting,
Tell us, tell us all about it!

Mar. This is indeed a most delightful surprise!

Tess. Yes, we thought you'd like it. You see it was li this: After you left we felt very dull and mopey, and t days crawled by, and you never wrote; so at last I said Gianetta, "I can't stand this any longer; those two po Monarchs haven't got anyone to mend their stockings sew on their buttons or patch their clothes—at least, I ho they haven't—let us all pack up a change and go and s how they're getting on." And she said "done," and th all said "done"; and we asked old Giacopo to lend us h boat, and *he* said "done"; and we've crossed the sea, a thank goodness, *that's* done; and here we are, and—and *I've* done!

Gia. And now—which of you is King?

Tess. And which of us is Queen?

Giu. That we shan't know until Nurse turns up. T question is, how shall we celebrate the commencement our honeymoon? Gentlemen, will you allow us to offer y a magnificent banquet?

All. We will!

Gui. Thanks very much; and what do you say to dance?

Tess. A banquet *and* a dance! Oh, it's too much ha piness!

ENSEMBLE—TESSA, GIANETTA, GIUSEPPE, *and* CHORUS

We will dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero—
For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!
To the pretty pitter-patter-patter,
And the clitter-clitter-clitter-clatter—
Clitter—clitter—clatter,
Pitter—pitter—patter.
We will dance a cachucha, fandango, bolero,
Old Xeres we'll drink—Manzanilla, Montero—
For wine, when it runs in abundance, enhances
The reckless delight of that wildest of dances!

CACHUCHA

e dance is interrupted by the unexpected appearance of DON ALHAMBRA, *who looks on with astonishment.* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *appear embarrassed. The others run off.*

Don Al. Good evening. Fancy ball?
Giu. No, not exactly. A little friendly dance. That's all.
Don Al. But I saw a groom dancing, and a footman.
Giu. Yes. That's the Lord High Footman.
Don Al. And, dear me, a common little drummer boy!
Mar. Oh no! That's the Lord High Drummer Boy.
Don Al. But surely, surely the kitchen is the place for e gentry.
Giu. Oh dear, no! We have appropriated the kitchen. the Royal Apartment, and we permit no intruders.
Mar. We really must have some place that we can call own.
Don Al. (*puzzled*). I'm afraid I'm not quite equal to intellectual pressure of the conversation.
Giu. You see, the Monarchy has been remodelled on ublican principles. All departments rank equally, and ybody is at the head of his department.
Don Al. I see.
Mar. I'm afraid you're annoyed.
Don Al. No. I won't say that. It's not quite what I cted.
Giu. I'm awfully sorry.
Mar. So am I.
Giu. By-the-bye, can I offer you anything after your ge? a plate of maccaroni and a Boston cracker?
Don Al. (*preoccupied*). No, no—nothing—nothing.
Giu. Obliged to be careful?
Don Al. Yes—gout. You see, in every Court there are nctions that must be observed.
Giu. (*puzzled*). They are, are there?
Don Al. Why, of course; for instance, you wouldn't have rd High Chancellor play leapfrog with his own cook?
Giu. Why not?

Don Al. Because a Lord High Chancellor is a personag of great dignity, who should never, under any circumstance place himself in the position of being told to tuck in h tuppeny, except by noblemen of his own rank.

Giu. Oh, I take you.

Don Al. For instance, a Lord High Archbishop migh tell a Lord High Chancellor to tuck in his tuppeny, but ce tainly not a cook.

Giu. Not even a Lord High Cook?

Don Al. My good friend, that is a rank that is not re ognised at the Lord Chamberlain's Office. I will give yo an instance in which the experiment has been tried.

SONG—DON ALHAMBRA

There lived a King, as I've been told,
In the wonder-working days of old,
When hearts were twice as good as gold,
And twenty times as mellow.

Good-temper triumphed in his face,
And in his heart he found a place
For all the erring human race
And every wretched fellow.

When he had Rhenish wine to drink
It made him very sad to think
That some, at junket or at jink,
Must be content with toddy.

He wished all men as rich as he
(And he was rich as rich could be),
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody.

Mar. & Giu. Now, that's the kind of King for me—
He wished all men as rich as he,
So to the top of every tree
Promoted everybody!

Lord Chancellors were cheap as sprats,
And Bishops in their shovel hats
Were plentiful as tabby cats—
In point of fact, too many.

Ambassadors cropped up like hay,
Prime Ministers and such as they
Grew like asparagus in May,
And Dukes were three a penny.

On every side Field Marshals gleamed,
Small beer were Lords Lieutenant deemed
With Admirals the ocean teemed
All round his wide dominions.

And party leaders you might meet
In twos and threes in every street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions.

& Giu. Now that's a sight you couldn't beat—
Two party leaders in each street
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions!

That King, although no one denies
His heart was of abnormal size,
Yet he'd have acted otherwise
If he had been acuter.

The end is easily foretold,
When every blessed thing you hold
Is made of silver, or of gold,
You long for simple pewter.

When you have nothing else to wear
But cloth of gold and satins rare,
For cloth of gold you cease to care—
Up goes the price of shoddy.

In short, whoever you may be,
To this conclusion you'll agree,
When everyone is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody!

Mar. & Giu. Now that's as plain as plain can be,
To this conclusion we agree—
When everyone is somebodee,
Then no one's anybody!

(TESSA *and* GIANETTA *enter unobserved. The two gi*
impelled by curiosity, remain listening at the back
the stage.)

Don Al. And now I have some important news to co
municate, His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Her Grace
Duchess, and their beautiful daughter Casilda—I say th
beautiful daughter Casilda—have arrived at Barataria, a
may be here at any moment.

Mar. The Duke and Duchess are nothing to us.

Don Al. But the daughter—the beautiful daught
Aha! Oh, you're a lucky fellow, one of you!

Giu. I think you're a very incomprehensible old g
tleman.

Don Al. Not a bit—I'll explain. Many years ago wh

u (whichever you are) were a baby, you (whichever you) were married to a little girl who has grown up to be most beautiful young lady in Spain. That beautiful ng lady will be here to claim you (whichever you are) half an hour, and I congratulate that one (whichever it with all my heart.

Mar. Married when a baby!

Tess. & Gia. (*aside*). Oh!

Giu. But we were married three months ago!

Don Al. One of you—only one. The other (whichever s) is an unintentional bigamist.

Mar. & Giu. (*bewildered*). Oh dear me!

Tess. & Gia. (*coming forward*). Well, upon my word!

Don Al. Eh? Who are these young people?

Tess. Who are we? Why, their wives, of course. We've t arrived.

Don Al. Their wives! Oh dear, this is very unfortunate. dear, this complicates matters! Dear, dear, what will Duke say?

Gia. And do you mean to say that one of these Monarchs s already married?

Tess. And that neither of us will be a Queen?

Don Al. That is the idea I intended to convey. (TESSA d GIANETTA *begin to cry.*)

Giu. (*to* TESS.). Tessa, my dear, dear child—

Tess. Get away! perhaps it's you!

Mar. (*to* GIA.). My poor, poor little woman!

Gia. Don't! Who knows whose husband you are?

Tess. And pray, why didn't you tell us all about it be- e they left Venice?

Don Al. Because, if I had, no earthly temptation would ve induced these gentlemen to leave two such extremely cinating and utterly irresistible little ladies? (*Aside*) atly put!

Tess. There's something in that.

Don Al. I may mention that you will not be kept long suspense, as the old lady who nursed the Royal child is present in the Torture Chamber, waiting for me to in- view her.

Giu. Poor old girl. Hadn't you better go and put h
out of her suspense?

Don Al. Oh no—there's no hurry—she's all right. S
has all the illustrated papers. However, I'll go and int
rogate her, and, in the meantime, may I suggest the abs
lute propriety of your regarding yourselves as single you
ladies? (*Exit* DON ALHAMBRA

Tess. Well, here's a pleasant state of things!

Mar. Delightful. One of us is married to two you
ladies, and nobody knows which; and the other is marri
to one young lady whom nobody can identify!

Gia. And one of us is married to one of you, and t
other is married to nobody.

Tess. But which of you is married to which of us, a
what's to become of the other? (*about to cry*).

Giu. It's quite simple. Two husbands have manag
to acquire three wives. Three wives—two husbands (*rec
oning up*). That's two-thirds of a husband to each wif

Tess. O Mount Vesuvius, here we are in arithmeti
My good sir, one can't marry a vulgar fraction!

Giu. You've no right to call me a vulgar fraction.

Mar. We are getting rather mixed. The situation
entangled. Let's try and comb it out.

QUARTETTE—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, TESSA, GIANETTA

ENSEMBLE

In a contemplative fashion
And a tranquil frame of mind,
Free from every kind of passion,
Some solution let us find,
Let us grasp the situation,
Solve the complicated plot—
Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot.

Tess.
I, no doubt, Giuseppe wedded—
That's of course, a slice of luck.
He is rather dunder-headed,
Still distinctly he's a duck.

The Others. In a conte
[plative fashion, &

ia.
a victim too of Cupid, *The Others.* Let us grasp
Marco married—that is clear. [the situation, &c.
le's particularly stupid,
Still distinctly, he's a dear.
lar.
o Gianetta I was mated; *The Others.* In a contem-
I can prove it in a trice: [plative fashion, &c.
hough her charms are overrated
Still I own she's rather nice.
iu.
to Tessa, willy-nilly, *The Others.* Let us grasp
All at once a victim fell. [the situation, &c.
he is what is called a silly,
Still she answers pretty well.

lar. Now when we were pretty babies
Some one married us, that is clear—
ia. And if I can catch her
I'll pinch her and scratch her,
And send her away with a flea in her ear.
iu. He, whom that young lady married,
To receive her can't refuse.
ess. If I overtake her
I'll warrant I'll make her
To shake in her aristocratical shoes!
ia. (*to* TESS.). If she married Giuseppe
You and he will have to part—
ess. (*to* GIA.). If I have to do it
I'll warrant she'll rue it—
I'll teach her to marry the man of my heart!
ess. (*to* GIA.). If she married Messer Marco
You're a spinster, that is plain—
ia. (*to* TESS.). No matter—no matter
If I can get at her
I doubt if her mother will know her again!
ll. Quiet, calm deliberation
Disentangles every knot!
(*Exeunt, pondering.*)

MARCH.—*Enter procession of Retainers, heralding approach*

of DUKE, DUCHESS, *and* CASILDA. *All three are n dressed with the utmost magnificence.*

CHORUS

With ducal pomp and ducal pride
(Announce these comers,
O ye kettle-drummers)!
Comes Barataria's high-born bride.
(Ye sounding cymbals clang!)

She comes to claim the Royal hand—
(Proclaim their Graces,
O ye double basses)!
Of the King who rules this goodly land.
(Ye brazen brasses bang!)

Duke. This polite attention touches
Heart of Duke and heart of Duchess,
Duch. Who resign their pet
With profound regret.
Duke. She of beauty was a model
When a tiny tiddle-toddle
Duch. And at twenty-one
She's excelled by none!
All. With ducal pomp and ducal pride, &c.

Duke (*to his attendants*). Be good enough to inform H Majesty that His Grace the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Limite has arrived, and begs——

Cas. Desires——

Duch. Demands——

Duke. And demands an audience. (*Exeunt attendant* And now, my child, prepare to receive the husband to wh you were united under such interesting and romantic c cumstances.

Cas. But which is it? There are two of them!

Duke. It is true that at present His Majesty is a doub gentleman; but as soon as the circumstances of his marria are ascertained, he will, *ipso facto*, boil down to a single ge tleman—thus presenting a unique example of an individu who becomes a single man and a married man by the sa operation.

Duch. (*severely*). I have known instances in which the aracteristics of both conditions existed concurrently in e same individual.

Duke. Ah, he couldn't have been a Plaza-Toro.

Cas. Well, whatever happens, I shall of course be a tiful wife, but I can never love my husband.

Duke. I don't know. It's extraordinary what unpre-ssessing people one can love if one gives one's mind to it.

Duch. I loved your father.

Duke. My dear—that remark—a little hard, I think? ather cruel, perhaps? Somewhat uncalled for, I venture believe?

Duch. It was very difficult, my dear; but I said to my-lf, "That man is a Duke, and I *will* love him. Several of y relations bet me I couldn't, but I did—desperately!

SONG—DUCHESS

On the day when I was wedded
To your admirable sire,
I acknowledge that I dreaded
An explosion of his ire.
I was overcome with panic—
For his temper was volcanic,
And I didn't dare revolt,
For I feared a thunderbolt!
I was always very wary,
For his fury was ecstatic—
His refined vocabulary
Most unpleasantly emphatic.
To the thunder
Of this Tartar
I knocked under
Like a martyr
When intently
He was fuming,
I was gently
Unassuming—
When reviling
Me completely,
I was smiling
Very sweetly:

Giving him the very best, and getting back the very worst-
That is how I tried to tame your great progenitor—at firs

But I found that a reliance
On my threatening appearance,
And a resolute defiance
Of marital interference,
And a gentle intimation
Of my firm determination
To see what I could do
To be wife and husband too,
Was all that was required
For to make his temper supple,
And you couldn't have desired
A more reciprocating couple.
Ever willing
To be wooing,
We were billing—
We were cooing;
When I merely
From him parted
He was nearly
Broken-hearted–
When in sequel
Reunited
He was equal-
Ly delighted:

So with double-shotted guns and colours nailed unto the ma
I tamed your insignificant progenitor—at last!

Cas. My only hope is that when my husband sees wh
a shady family he has married into he will repudiate t
contract altogether.

Duke. Shady? A nobleman shady, who is blazing
the lustre of unaccustomed pocketmoney? A noblem
shady, who can look upon ninety-five quarterings? It
not every nobleman who is ninety-five quarters in arrear–
mean who can look back upon ninety-five of them! A
this, just as I have been put on the market above par. O
fie!

RECITATIVE—DUKE

o help unhappy commoners and add to their enjoyment,
ffords a man of noble rank congenial employment;
f our attempts we offer you examples illustrative;
he work is light, and, I may add, it's most remunerative!

DUET—DUKE *and* DUCHESS

uke. Small titles and orders
For Mayors and Recorders
I get—and they're highly delighted—
uch. They're highly delighted!
uke. M. P.'s baronetted,
Sham Colonels gazetted,
And second-rate Aldermen knighted—
uch. Yes, Aldermen knighted.
uke. Foundation stone laying
I find very paying:
It adds a large sum to my makings—
uch. Large sum to his makings.
uke. At charity dinners
The best of speech spinners,
I get ten per cent. on the takings—
uch. One-tenth of the takings.
uch. I present any lady
Whose conduct is shady
Or smacking of doubtful propriety—

Duke. Doubtful propriety.
Duch. When Virtue would quash her,
I take and whitewash her,
And launch her in first-rate society—
Duke. First-rate society!
Duch. I recommend acres
Of clumsy dressmakers—
Their fit and their finishing touches—
Duke. Their finishing touches.
Duch. A sum in addition
They pay for permission
To say that they make for the Duchess—
Duke. They make for the Duchess!
Duke. Those pressing prevailers
The ready-made tailors,
Quote me as their great double-barrel—
Duch. Their great double-barrel.
Duke. I allow them to do so,
Though Robinson Crusoe
Would jibe at their wearing apparel!
Duch. Such wearing apparel!
Duke. I sit, by selection,
Upon the direction
Of several Companies bubble—
Duch. All Companies bubble!
Duke. As soon as they're floated
I'm freely bank-noted—
I'm pretty well paid for my trouble!
Duch. He's paid for his trouble!
Duch. At middle-class party
I play at *écarté*—
And I'm by no means a beginner—
Duke (*significantly*). She's not a beginner.
Duch. To one of my station
The remuneration—
Five guineas a night and my dinner—
Duke. And wine with her dinner.
Duch. I write letters blatant
On medicines patent—
And use any other you mustn't—

Duke. Believe me you mustn't—
Duch. And vow my complexion
Derives its perfection
From somebody's soap—which it doesn't—
Duke. It certainly doesn't!
Duke. We're ready as witness
To any one's fitness
To fill any place or preferment—
A place or preferment.
Duch. We're often in waiting
At junket or *fêting*,
And sometimes attend an interment—
We like an interment.
Both. In short, if you'd kindle
The spark of a swindle,
Lure simpletons into your clutches—
Yes; into your clutches.
Or hoodwink a debtor
You cannot do better
Duch. Than trot out a Duke or a Duchess—
Duke. A Duke or a Duchess!

Bab

(*Enter* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE)

Duke. Ah! their Majesties. (*Bows with great ceremony*).
Mar. The Duke of Plaza-Toro, I believe?

Duke. The same. (MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *offer to shake hands with him. The* DUKE *bows ceremoniously. They endeavour to imitate him.*) Allow me to present—

Giu. The young lady one of us married?

(MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *offer to shake hands with her.* CASILDA *curtsies formally. They endeavour to imitate her*).

Cas. Gentlemen, I am the most obedient servant of one of you!

Duke. I am now about to address myself to the gentleman whom my daughter married; the other may allow his attention to wander if he likes, for what I am about to say does not concern him. Sir, you will find in this young lady a combination of excellences which you would search for in vain in any young lady who had not the good fortune to be my daughter. There is some little doubt as to which of you is the gentleman I am addressing, and which is the gentleman who is allowing his attention to wander; but when that doubt is solved, I shall say (still addressing the attentive gentleman), "Take her, and may she make you happier than her mother has made me."

Duch. Sir!

Duke. If possible. And now there is a little matter to which I think I am entitled to take exception. I come here in state with Her Grace the Duchess and Her Majesty, my daughter, and what do I find? Do I find, for instance, a guard of honor to receive me? No. The town illuminated? No. Refreshment provided? No. A Royal salute fired? No. Triumphal arches erected? No. The bells set ringing? Yes—one—the Visitors', and I rang it myself. It is not enough.

Giu. Upon my honor, I'm very sorry; but, you see, I was brought up in a gondola, and my ideas of politeness are confined to taking off my hat to my passengers when they tip me.

Duch. That's all very well, but it is not enough.

Giu. I'll take off anything else in reason.

Duke. But a Royal Salute to my daughter—it costs so little.

Cas. Papa, I don't want a salute.

Giu. My dear sir, as soon as we know which of us is entitled to take that liberty she shall have as many salutes as she likes.

Mar. As for guards of honor and triumphal arches, you don't know our people—they wouldn't stand it.

Giu. They are very off-hand with us — very off-hand indeed.

Duke. Oh, but you mustn't allow that—you must keep them in proper discipline, you must impress your Court with your importance. You want deportment—carriage—manner—dignity. There must be a good deal of this sort of thing—(*business*)—and a little of this sort of thing—(*business*)—and possibly just a *soupçon* of this sort of thing!—(*business*) and so on. Oh, it's very useful, and most effective. Just attend to me. You are a King—I am a subject. Very good—

QUINTETTE—DUKE, DUCHESS, CASILDA, MARCO, GIUSEPPE

Duke. I am a courtier grave and serious
Who is about to kiss your hand:
Try to combine a pose imperious
With a demeanor nobly bland.

Mar. & Giu. Let us combine a pose imperious
With a demeanor nobly bland.

(MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE *endeavour to carry out his instructions*)

Duke. That's, if anything, *too* unbending—
Too aggressively stiff and grand;
(*They suddenly modify their attitudes*)
Now to the other extreme your tending—
Don't be so dreadfully condescending!

Mar. & Giu. Oh, hard to please some noblemen seem!
At first, if anything, *too* unbending;
Off we go to the other extreme—
Too confoundedly condescending!

Duke. Now a gavotte perform sedately—
Offer your hand with conscious pride;

Take an attitude not too stately,
Still sufficiently dignified.

Mar. & Giu. Now for an attitude not too stately,
Still sufficiently dignified.
(*They endeavour to carry out his instructions*).

Duke (*beating time*).
Oncely, twicely—oncely, twicely—
Bow impressively ere you glide. (*They do so*).
Capital both—you've caught it nicely!
That is the sort of thing precisely!

Duch. & Cas. Capital both—they've caught it nicely!
That is the sort of thing precisely!

Mar. & Giu. Oh, sweet to earn a nobleman's praise!
Capital both—we've caught it nicely!
Supposing he's right in what he says,
This is the sort of thing precisely!

(GAVOTTE. *At the end exeunt* DUKE *and* DUCHESS *leaving* CASILDA *with* MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE.)

Giu. (*to* MARCO). The old birds have gone away and left the young chickens together. That's called tact.

Mar. It's very awkward. We really ought to tell her how we are situated. It's not fair to the girl.

Giu. Undoubtedly, but I don't know how to begin. (*To* CASILDA). A—Madam—

Cas. Gentlemen, I am bound to listen to you; but it is right to tell you that, not knowing I was married in infancy, I am head and ears in love with somebody else.

Giu. Our case exactly! *We* are over head and ears in love with somebody else! (*Enter* TESSA *and* GIANETTA.) In point of fact, with our wives.

Cas. Your wives! Then you are married?

Tess. It's not our fault, you know. We knew nothing about it. We are sisters in misfortune.

Cas. My good girls, I don't blame you. Only before we go any further, we must really arrive at some satisfactory arrangement, or we shall get hopelessly complicated.

QUINTETTE—MARCO, GIUSEPPE, TESSA, GIANETTA, CASILDA

All. Here is a fix unprecedented!
Here are a King and Queen ill-starred,
Ever since marriage was first invented
Never was known a case so hard!

Mar. & Giu. I may be said to have been bisected,
By a profound catastrophe!

Gia., Tess., Cas. Through a calamity unexpected
I am divisible into three!

All. O moralists all,
How can you call
Marriage a state of unitee,
When excellent husbands are bisected,
And wives divisible into three?

(*Enter* DON ALHAMBRA, *followed by* DUKE, DUCHESS, *and all the Chorus.*)

FINALE

RECIT.—DON ALHAMBRA

Now let the loyal lieges gather round—
The Prince's foster mother has been found!
She will declare, to silver clarion's sound,
The rightful King—let him forthwith be crowned!

Cho. She will declare, &c.

(DON ALHAMBRA *brings forward* INEZ, *the Prince's foster-mother.*)

Tess. Speak, woman, speak—
Duke. We're all attention!
Gia. The news we seek—
Cas. This moment mention.
Duch. To us they bring—
Don Al. His foster-mother.
Mar. Is he the King?
Giu. Or this my brother ?
All. Speak, woman, speak, &c.

RECIT.—INEZ

The Royal Prince was by the King entrusted
To my fond care, ere I grew old and crusted:
When traitors came to steal his son reputed,
My own small boy I deftly substituted!
The villains fell into the trap completely—
I hid the Prince away—still sleeping sweetly;
I called him "son" with pardonable slyness—
His name, Luiz! Behold his Royal Highness!

(*Sensation.* LUIZ *ascends the throne, crowned and robed as King.*)

Cas. (*rushing to his arms*). Luiz!
Luiz. Casilda! (*Embrace*).
All Is this indeed the King,
Oh, wondrous revelation!
Oh, unexpected thing!
Unlooked-for situation! (*They kneel*).

QUARTETTE—MARCO, GIANETTA, GIUSEPPE, TESSA

This statement we receive
With sentiments conflicting,
Our thoughts rejoice and grieve,
Each other contradicting;
To those whom we adore
We can be reunited—
On one point rather sore,
But, on the whole, delighted!

QUARTETTE—CASILDA, LUIZ, DUKE *and* DUCHESS

Luiz. When others claimed thy dainty hand,
I waited—waited—waited—waited.
Duke. As prudence (so I understand)
Dictated—tated—tated—tated.
Cas. By virtue of our early vow
Recorded—corded—corded—corded,

Duch. Your pure and patient love is now
Rewarded—warded—warded—warded.

All. Then hail, O King of a Golden Land,
And the high-born bride who claims your hand—
The past is dead, and you gain your own,
A Royal crown and a golden throne!

DUET—MARCO *and* GIUSEPPE

Once more gondolieri,
Both skillful and wary,
Free from this quandary
Contented are we.
From Royalty flying,
Our gondolas plying
And merrily crying
Our *"premé," "stali!"*

All. Now good-bye Cachucha, fandango, bolero,
We'll dance a farewell to that measure—
Old Xeres, adieu—Manzanilla—Montero—
We leave you with feelings of pleasure.

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